

ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS:
OR, A
COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS SONGS.

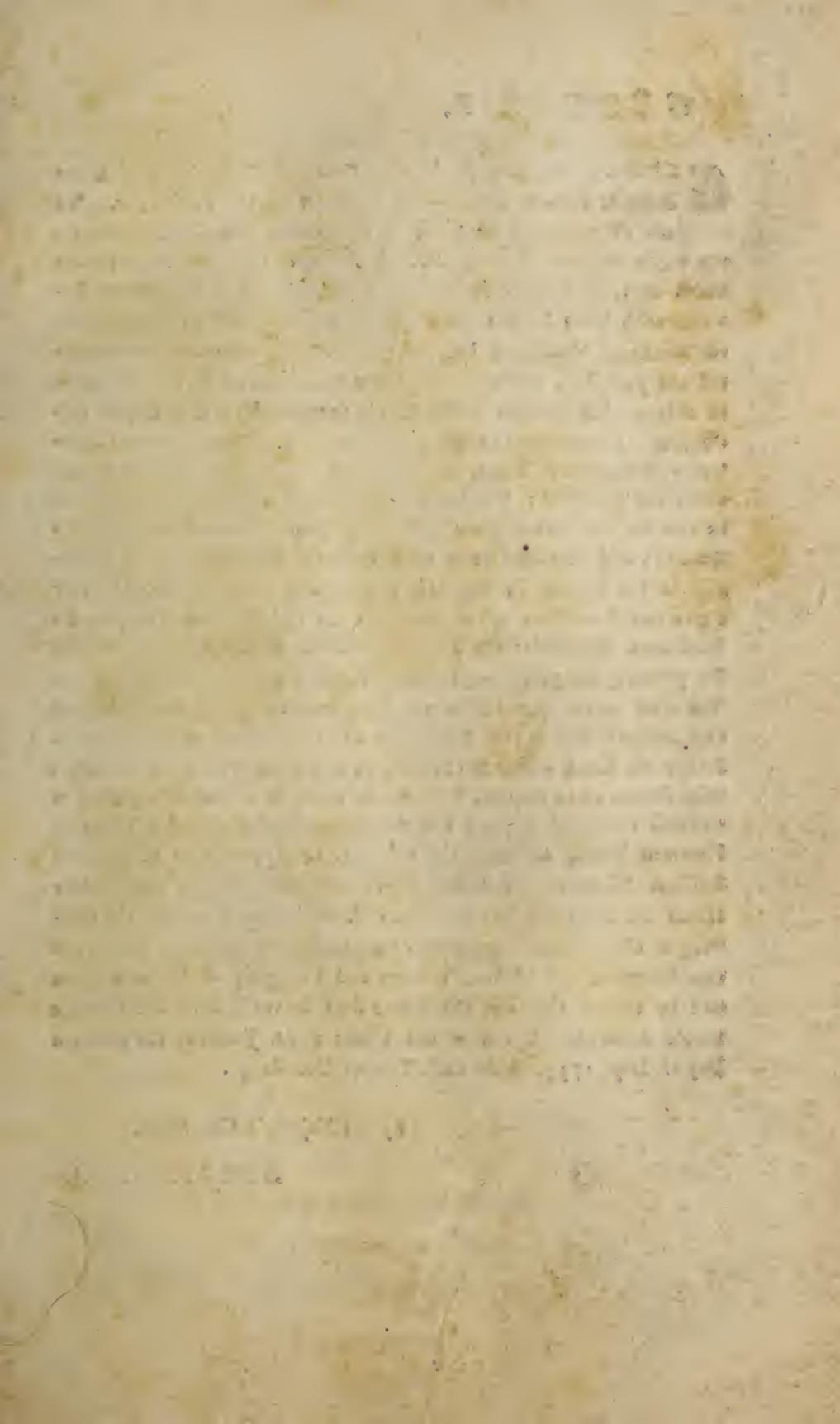
Set to Musick
BY
W. THOMSON.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION.



LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR, at his House in
Leicester-Fields.
M.DCC.XXIII.



GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all, to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting: Whereas our trusty and well-beloved *William Thomson*, of our City of London Gent. hath by his Petition humbly represented unto us, That he having, with great Labour and Expence, collected and composed several Works of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, in order to be printed and published, entituled, *ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS*, in two Volumes in Octavo, has humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof for the Term of Fourteen Years, according to the Statute in that behalf made and provided: We, being willing to give all due Encouragement to this his Undertaking, are graciously pleased to condescend to his Request; and do therefore by these Presents, so far as may be agreeable to the Statutes in that behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, grant unto him the said *William Thomson*, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Royal Licence, for the sole printing and publishing the said Works for the Term of Fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof; strictly forbidding all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof, reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent, or Approbation of the said *William Thomson*, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they will answer the contrary at their Perils: whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, the Master, Warden and Company of Stationers, are to take notice, that due Obedience may be rendered to Our Pleasure herein declared. Given at our Court at St. James's, the eleventh Day of May, 1733. in the sixth Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

HARRINGTON.



ON
MR. THOMSON'S
ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

 OU BEAUS and BELLES so fine and fair,
Here learn to love, and be sincere ;
True Passion Nature still imparts,
Nor values Bodies without Hearts ;
You falsely vow, and whine, and sigh,
And make no Conscience of a Lye ;
Oh ! How can BEAUS fair BELLES deceive ?
Or why will BELLES fine BEAUS believe ?

Love's brightest Flames warm *Scottish* Lads,
Tho' coolly clad in High-land Plads ;
They scorn Brocade, who like the Lass,
Nor need a Carpet, if there's Grass ;
With Pipe and Glee each Hill resounds,
And Love that gives, can heal their Wounds.
The bonny *Lass of Peatie's Mill*
Shews Wit's a Fool, when Nature will ;
Who pities not the Swain's Despair,
That hears, *The Bush a boon Traquair* :
Or him that loves, yet cannot say,
If *Bessy Bell*, or *Mary Gray* ?

Thus

Thus merrily they court the Fair,
And love and sing in Northern Air :
Thus the gay Warblers of the Spring
From Spray to Spray do hop and sing ;
Kind Nature fills their little Throats,
With sweet and unaffected Notes ;
Their flutt'ring Wings to Love she prunes,
Their Voices wild to Love she tuncs ;
And all the Cares they ever prove,
Is Life, half Harmony, half LOVE.



THE



TO THE
QUEEN.

MA D A M,

YOUR Majesty having
graciously heard some of
the following Songs, encou-
raged me to resolve on pub-
lishing

DEDICATION.

lishing them; and makes me now presume to lay them at Your Majesty's Feet; which I do with all Duty and Respect.

M A D A M,

Your Majesty's

Most Obedient

and most Devoted

Humble Servant,

William Thomson.



A TABLE of the SONGS in the first Volume.

	Page
THE Lass of Peaty's Mill	1
<i>Bessy Bell and Mary Gray</i>	3
The Bush aboon <i>Traqair</i>	5
Throw the Wood, Laddie	7
Blest as the Immortal Gods	9
The last time I came o'er the Moor	10
The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie	12
The Boat-man	14
Wo's my Heart that we should sunder	16
The Broom of <i>Cowdenknows</i>	18
Come hap me with thy Petticoat	21
Bonny <i>Christy</i>	23
Scornfu' <i>Nancy</i>	25
The Highland Laddie	28
Blink o'er the Burn	30
<i>Tweed Side</i>	32
Love is the Cause of my Mourning	34
Bonny <i>Jean</i>	36
<i>Mary Scot</i>	38
The Mill, Mill—O.	40
<i>Johnny and Nelly</i>	42
<i>Katherine Ogie</i>	44
Ann thou were my ain thing	47
<i>Polwart on the Green</i>	49
	A

TABLE of SONGS in VOL. I.

A Health to <i>Betty</i>	—	51
The Cock-Laird	—	54
<i>Muirland Willy</i>	—	56
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae	—	60
<i>Peggy</i> , I must love thee	—	62
Auld <i>Rob Morris</i>	—	64
Auld lang fine	—	66
My Apron, Deary	—	68
My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes	—	69
Waly, Waly	—	71
<i>John Hay's</i> bonny Lassie	—	74
The blythsome Bridal	—	76
The Toast	—	80
My <i>Nanny</i> — O	—	82
<i>Magie's</i> Tocher	—	84
Were na' my Heart's light I wad die.	—	88
Gallowshiel.	—	91
There's my Thumb	—	93
The <i>Gaberlunzie</i> Man	—	95
The Collier's bonny Lassie	—	99
The Bob of <i>Dumblane</i>	—	101
The Carle he came o'er the Craft	—	102
O'er Bogie	—	104
The Lass of <i>Livingston</i>	—	107
<i>William</i> and <i>Margaret</i>	—	109
Down the Burn, <i>Davie</i>	—	113



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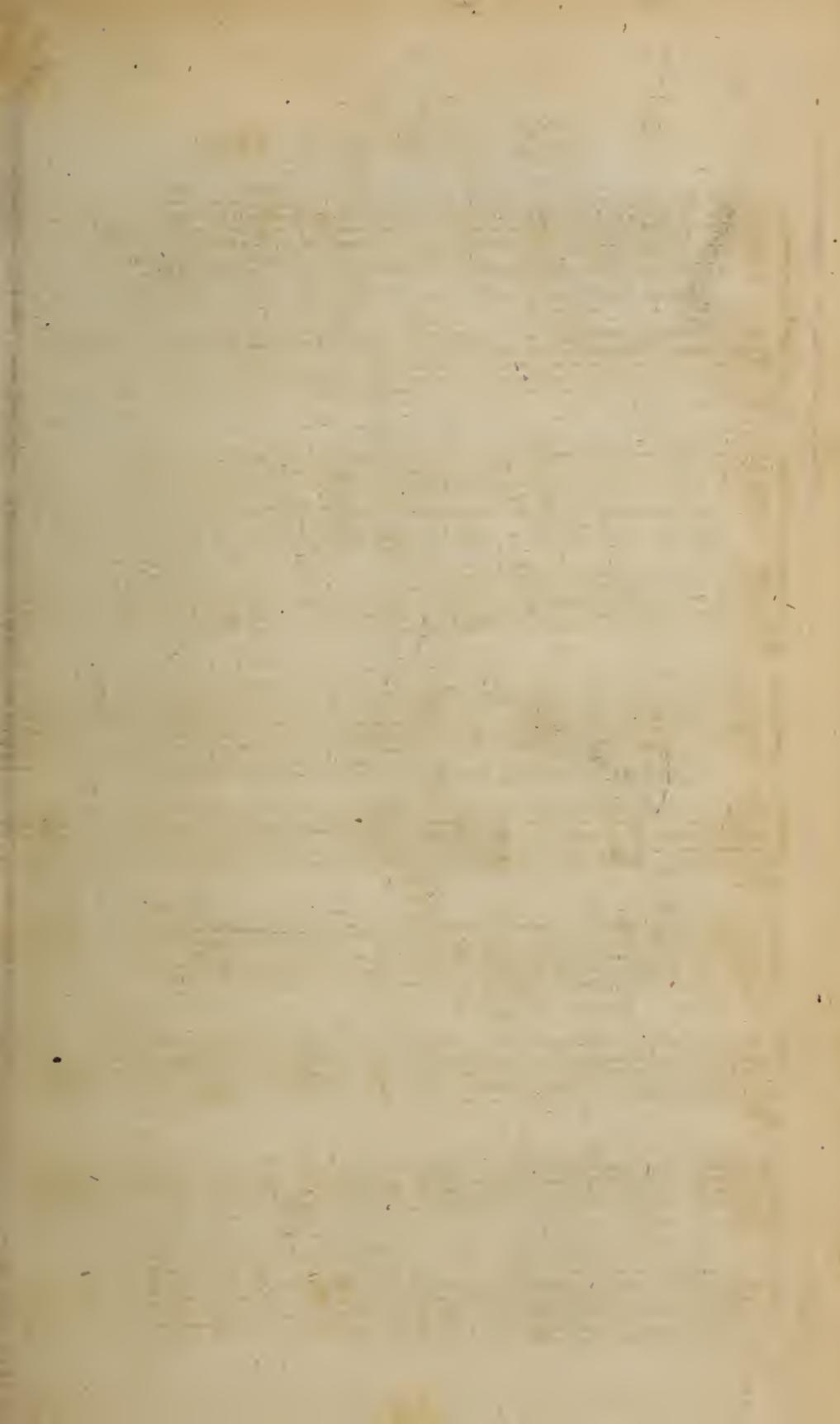
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Y.





The Lass of Peaty's Mill

The Lass of Peaty's Mill, So bony
tr.

blith and Gay, In spight of all my Skill, she
tr.

stole my heart away. When Tedding of the
tr.

Hay, bare headed on the Green, Love midds her
tr.

Locks did Play, and wanton'd in her Een.

The score consists of four systems of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (G major). The first system starts with a common time signature. The second system begins with a common time signature and ends with a 9/8 time signature. The third system begins with a common time signature and ends with a 6/8 time signature. The fourth system begins with a common time signature and ends with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand, with 'tr.' indicating a trill for specific notes.



ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS.

VOL. I.

I.

The Lass of Peaty's Mill.

 H E Lass of Peaty's Mill,
 So bonny, blyth and gay,
 In spight of all my skill,
 Hath stole my Heart away.

When tedding of the Hay
 Bare-headed on the Green,
 Love 'midst her Locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,

VOL. I.

B

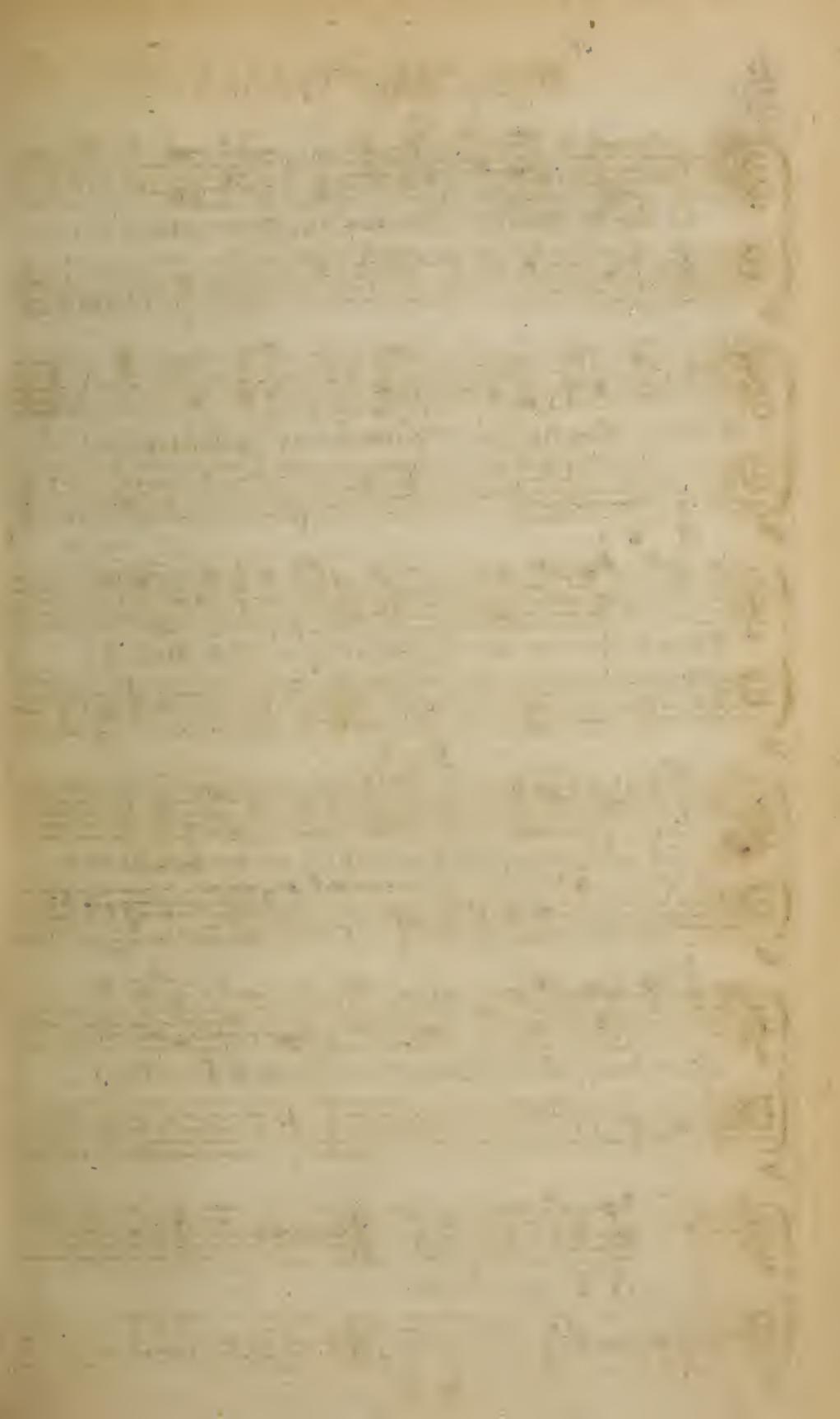
To

To Age it would give Youth,
To press 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extasy of Bliss,
When I such Sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

Without the help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her Looks they were so mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Insur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleasures at my will ;
I'd promise and fulfill,
That none but bonny she,
The Lass of *Peaty's* Mill,
Shou'd share the same wi' me.





Bessy² Bell

tr.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*, they are twa bony

Lasses, they bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae, &

Theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes. Fair *Bessy Bell* I

Lo'ed yestreen, and thought I ne'er cou'd

alter, but *Mary Gray* is twa Pawky Een, they

gar my Fancy falter.



II.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,*
They are twa bonny Lasses,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brac,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.

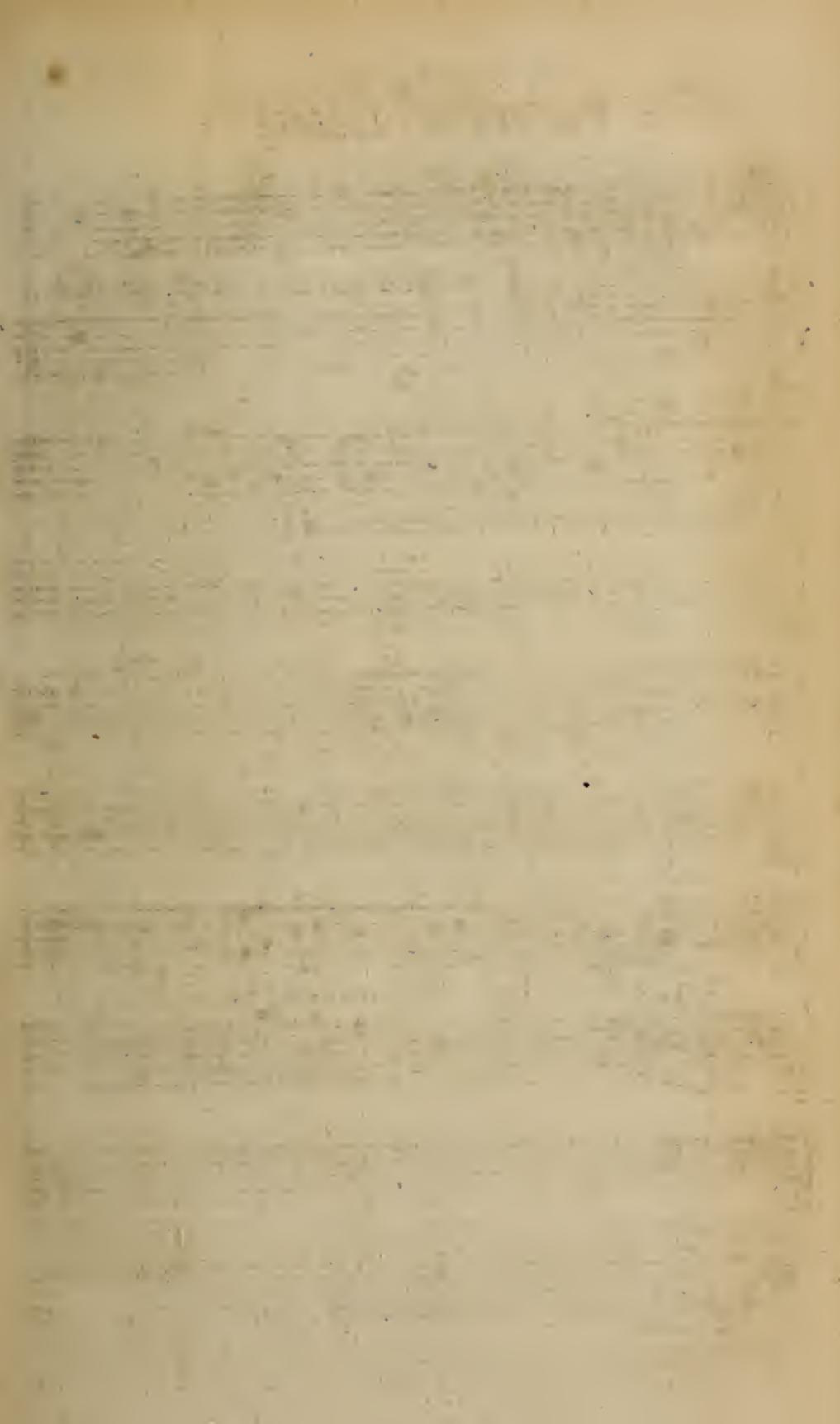
Now *Bessy's* Hair's like a Lint-tap ;
She smiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis'* Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning :
White is her Neck, saft is her Hand,
Her Waste and Feet's fu' genty ;
With ilka Grace she can command ;
Her Lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* Locks are like the *Craw*,
Her Een like Diamonds glances ;
She's ay sae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whenc'er she dances :

Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at will,
She blooming tight and tall is ;
And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove ! she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppress us ;
Our Fancies jee between you twa
Ye are sic bonny Lasses ;
Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're stmented ;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.





The Bush aboon Traquair

A handwritten musical score for a solo voice and piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The score consists of eight staves of music, with lyrics written below the vocal line. The lyrics are as follows:

Hear me ye Nymphs and ev-ry Swain, I'll
tell how Pegg-y grieves me, Tho' thus I languish,
thus complain alas! she ne'er be-lieves me. My
Vows and Sighs like si-lent air, unheeded never
mo - ve her, at the bony Bush aboon Tra -
- quair, 'twas there I first did Lo'e her.

Tr. markings are present above the vocal line in the first, third, fifth, and eighth staves.



III.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

Hear me, ye Nymphs, and every Swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.

My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny Bush aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The

The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in *May*.

Its Sweets I'll ay remember ;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
Why thus shōuld *Peggy* grieve me ?
Oh ! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Despair,
My Passion no more tender,
I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.



Throw the Wood⁴ Laddie

tr.

As early I walk'd on the first of sweet

May, beside a clear Fountain, beneath a steep

mountain, I heard a sweet Flute, soft Melody

tr.

Play, whilst Echo resounded the dolō - rous

Lay

I listned and look'd and spy'd a young
Swain, with aspect destress'd, and Spirits op-
- press'd, seem'd clearing a-fresh, as the
sky after Rain, and thus he discover'd how he
strove with his pain.



IV.

Throw the Wood Ladie.

AS early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,
Beside a clear Fountain,
Beneath a steep Mountain,
I heard a sweet Flute soft Mélody play,
Whilst *Echo* resounded the dolorous Lay.
I list'ned and look'd, and spy'd a young Swain,
With Aspect distressed,
And Spirits oppressed,
Seem'd clearing afresh, as the Sky after Rain,
And thus he discover'd how he strove with his Pain.
Tho' *Cloris* be coy, why shou'd I repine,
That a Nymph much above me,
Vouchsafes not to love me,
In her Rank of Merit I never can shine;
Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?
No, henceforth Esteem shall bridle Desire,
And in due Subjection,
Retain warm Affection;
No Spark of Self-love shall blaze in my Fire,
Then where is the Swain can more humbly admire.
When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,
Then quiet returning,
Shall hush all my Mourning: And

And Lord of myself, in absolute rest,
 I'll hug the Condition that Heaven thinks best.
 Thus Friendship unmixt, and wholly refin'd,
 May yet be respected,
 Tho' Love is rejected :
 And *Cloris* must own, tho' she still proves unkind,
 That there is no such Friend as a Lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Swain, who hereafter shall sue,
 With happy Endeavour,
 To gain her dear Favour,
 Know as well as I, what to *Cloris* is duc,
 Be still more deserving and never less true.
 Whilst I disingag'd from Wishes and Fears,
 Tranquillity tasting,
 On Liberty feasting,
 In hopes of sure Bliss shall pass my few Years,
 And long to escape from this Valley of Tears.

Ye Powers that preside over virtuous Love,
 Now aid me with Patience,
 To bear my Vexations,
 With noble Designs my winged Heart move,
 With Sentiments purest my Notions improve.
 If e'er my young Heart be caught in Love's Chain,
 May Prudence direct me,
 And Courage protect me,
 Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,
 That grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

Blest as th' Immortal Gods.

Blest as th' Immortal Gods is he, the Youth who

fondly sits by thee, and hears and sees thee

all the while, softly speak and sweetly smile.

Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest, and rais'd such

Tumults in my Breast, for while I gaz'd, in Transport

tost, my Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

V.

Blest as the Immortal Gods.

Blest as th'Immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.
'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

My Bosom glow'd, the subtile Flame
Ran quick through all my vital Frame,
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung ;
In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,
My feeble Pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.





VI.

The last time I came o'er the Moor.

TH E last time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me ;
Ye Powers ! what Pain do I endure,
When soft Ideas mind me ?
Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
The beaming Day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing and chastly sporting ;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till Night spread her black Curtain.
I pity'd all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings when she was nigh me ;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me ;
Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may surround me :

The Last time I came o'er the Moor

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the staves. The lyrics are as follows:

The last time I came o'er the Moor, I left my
Love behind me, ye Pow'rs what pain do I en-
-dure when soft I de-as in mind me. Soon as the ruddy
Morn display'd the beaming Day ensu-ing, I met be-
-times my Lovely maid in fit retreats for wooing.

Yet Hopes again to see my Love,
 To feast on glowing Kisses,
 Shall make my Cares at distance move,
 In prospect of such Blisses.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
 To let a Rival enter :
 Since she excels in every Grace,
 In her my Love shall center.
 The Sea shall sooner cease to flow,
 Its Waves the *Alps* shall cover,
 On *Greenland* Ice shall Roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the Moor,
 She shall a Lover find me ;
 And that my Faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me ;
 Then *Hymen*'s sacred Bonds shall chain,
 My Heart to her fair Bosom,
 And while my Being does remain,
 My Love more fresh shall blossom.





VII.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when Primroses paint the sweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain;
The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go
To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn-
trees grow.

There, under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,
With Freedom he sung his Loves Ev'ning and Morn:
He sang with so soft and enchanting a Sound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud Air;
But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconstant, and never spoke
Truth:

But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the Sea.

That

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie

7

In April, when Primroses paint the sweet

Plain, and Summer approaching rejoyceth the

Swain, the Yellow-hair'd Laddie wou'd often times

go, to Wilds and deep Glens, where the

Hawthorn-trees Grow. Hawthorn-trees Grow.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great
Dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sow'r :
Then, sighing, he wished, would Parents agree,
The witty sweet *Susie* his Mistress might be,





VIII.

The bonny SCOT.

To the Tune of, *The Boat-Man.*

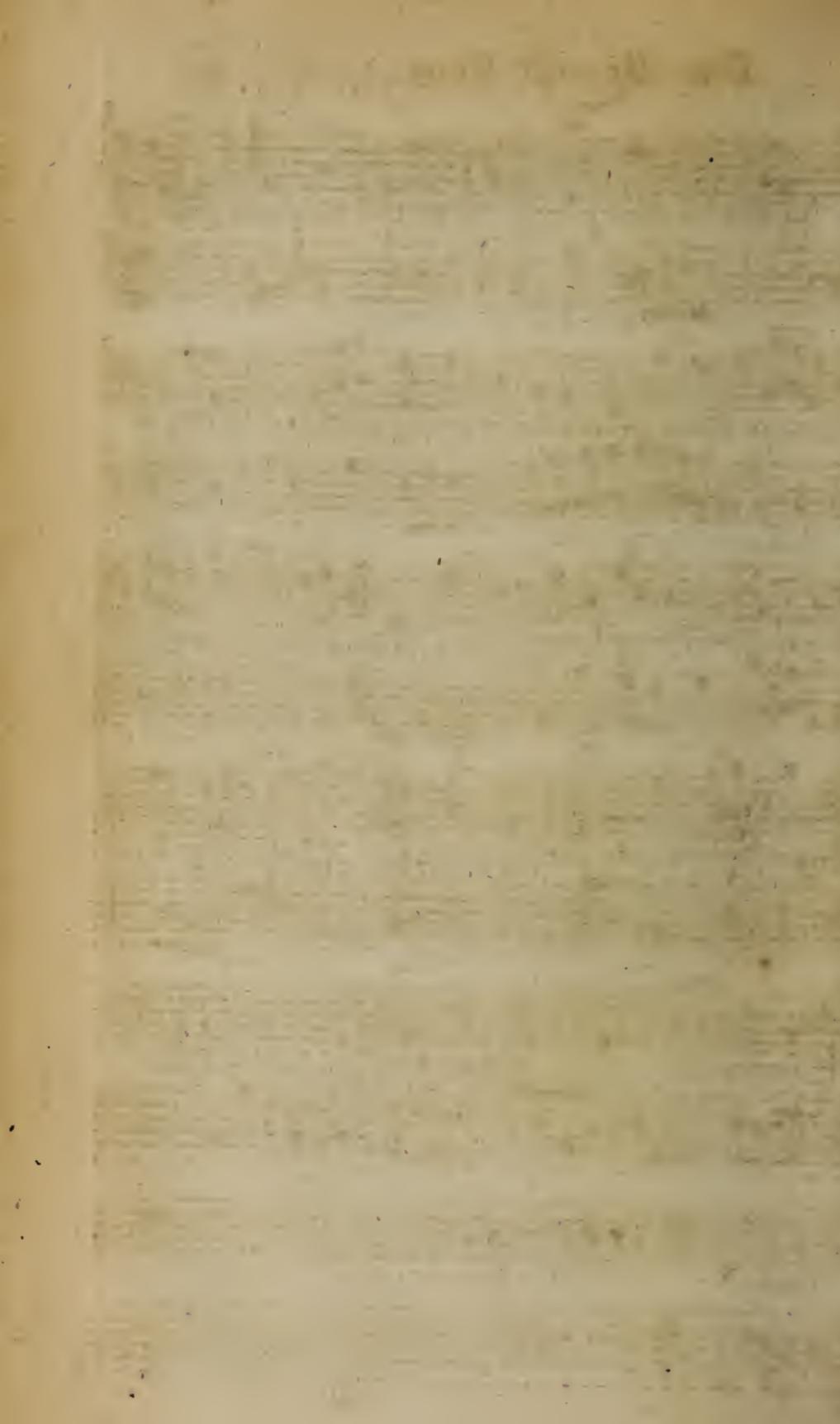
YE Gales, that gently wave the Sea,
 And please the canny Boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny *Scot*-Man :
 In haly Bands
 We join'd our Hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While Parents rate
 A large Estate,
 Before a faithful Lover.

But I loor chuse in *Highland* Glens
 To herd the Kid and Goat-Man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends
 Refuse my bonny *Scot*-Man.
 Wae worth the Man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous Fashion,
 Frac greedy Views
 Love's Art to use,
 While Strangers to its Passion.

Frac

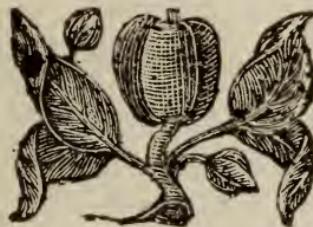
The Bonny ⁸ Scot

Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea, and please y
canny Boat man, bear me frae hence, or bring to
me, my brave my bonny Scot man. in ha-ly bands we
Joyn'd our hands, yet may not this disco-ver while
Parents rate a large Estate, before a faithfull
Lover.



Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haste to thy longing Lassie,
Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Bosom hawse thee.

Love gi'es the Word,
Then haste on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*-Man.





IX.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

To the Tunc of, *Woe's my Heart that we should
sunder.*

With broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
Poor *Colin* spoke his Passion tender ;
And, parting with his *Grisy*, crys,
Ah ! woe's my Heart that we should s under,
To cibers I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder :
From thee with Pain I'm fore'd to go ;
It breaks my Heart that we shduld s under.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
Nor Time nor Place shall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to s under.
The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invite our Wonder,
Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we s under.

Dear

Wae's my Heart⁹ that we shou'd funder

With brokēn words, and down cāst Eyes, poor

Colin spoke his paſion tender, and parting with his

Griffy cries, ah! wae's my heart that we shou'd funder

to others I am cold as Snow, but kindle with thine

Eyes like Tinder, from thee with pain I'm forc'd to

go; it breaks my heart that we should funder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder ;
Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we funder.

Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lass,
That as I leave her I may find her :
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never funder.





X.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

O *The Broom, the bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were at hame again,
To milk my Daddy's Ews.*

How blyth ilk Morn was I to see,
The Swain come o'er the Hill !
He skip'd the Burn, and flew to me :
I met him with good Will.

O the Broom, &c.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb
While his Flock near me lay ;
He gather'd in my Sheep at E'en,
And chear'd me a' the Day.

O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
The Birds stood list'ning by :
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

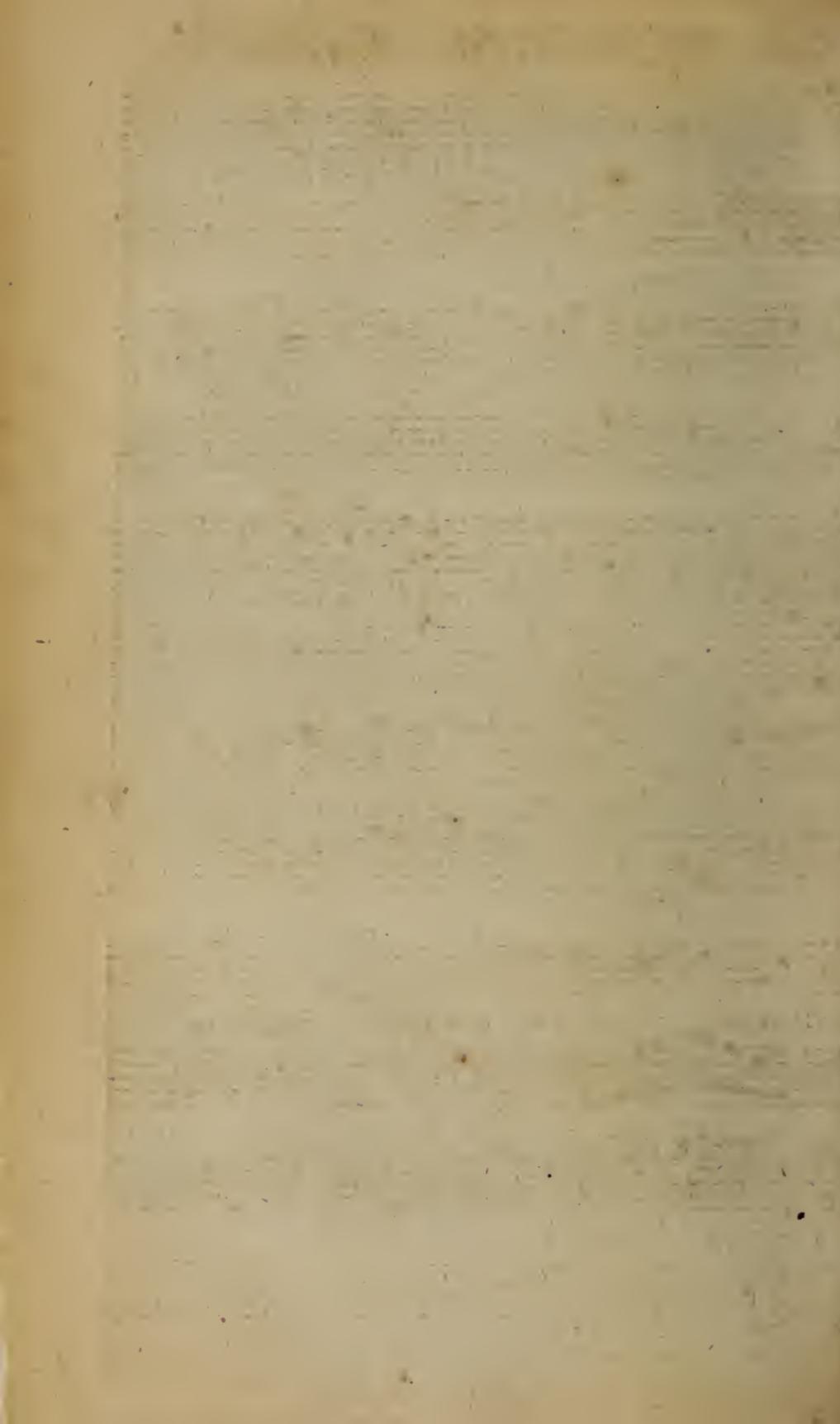
O the Broom, &c.

While

The Broom of Cowdenknows

O the Broom the bonny Broom, the
 Broom of Cowdenknows; I wish I were at
 hame again, to milk my Daddys Ews.

For the German Flute



While thus we spent our Time by turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play :
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,
That ever yec was born.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be ;
He staw my Heart: cou'd I refuse,
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie, and my crooked Stick,
May now lie useless by,
My Plaidy, Broach and little Kitt,
That held my Wee Soup Whey.

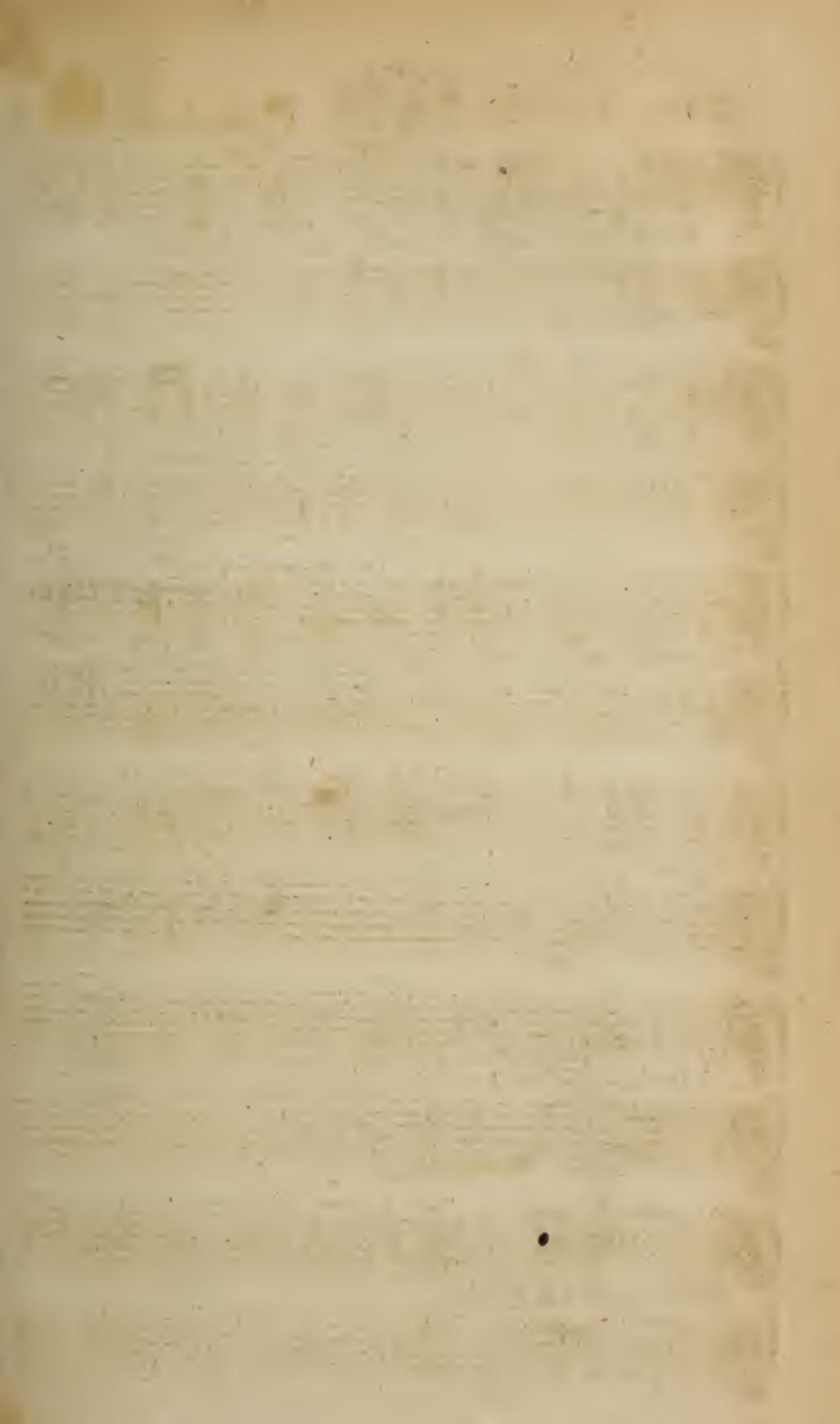
O the Broom, &c.

Adieu ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu ;
Farewell a' Pleasures there ;

Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.

*O the Broom, the bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows :
I wish I were at hame again,
To milk my Daddy's Ews.*





Come hap me ^{II}with thy Pettycoat

O Bell thy looks have kill'd my Heart, I

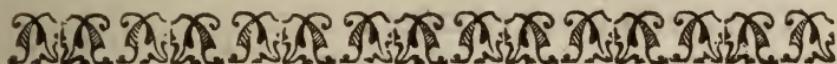
pass the Day in pain, when Night returns I

feel the smart, and wish for thee in vain. I'm

starving cold, while thou art warm, have Pity ~~in~~

-cline, and grant me for a Hap, that charming

Pettycoat of thine.



XI.

Come hap me with thy Petticoat.

O *BELL*, thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,
 I pass the Day in Pain ;
 When Night returns, I feel the Smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm :
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a Hap that charm-
 ing Petticoat of thine.

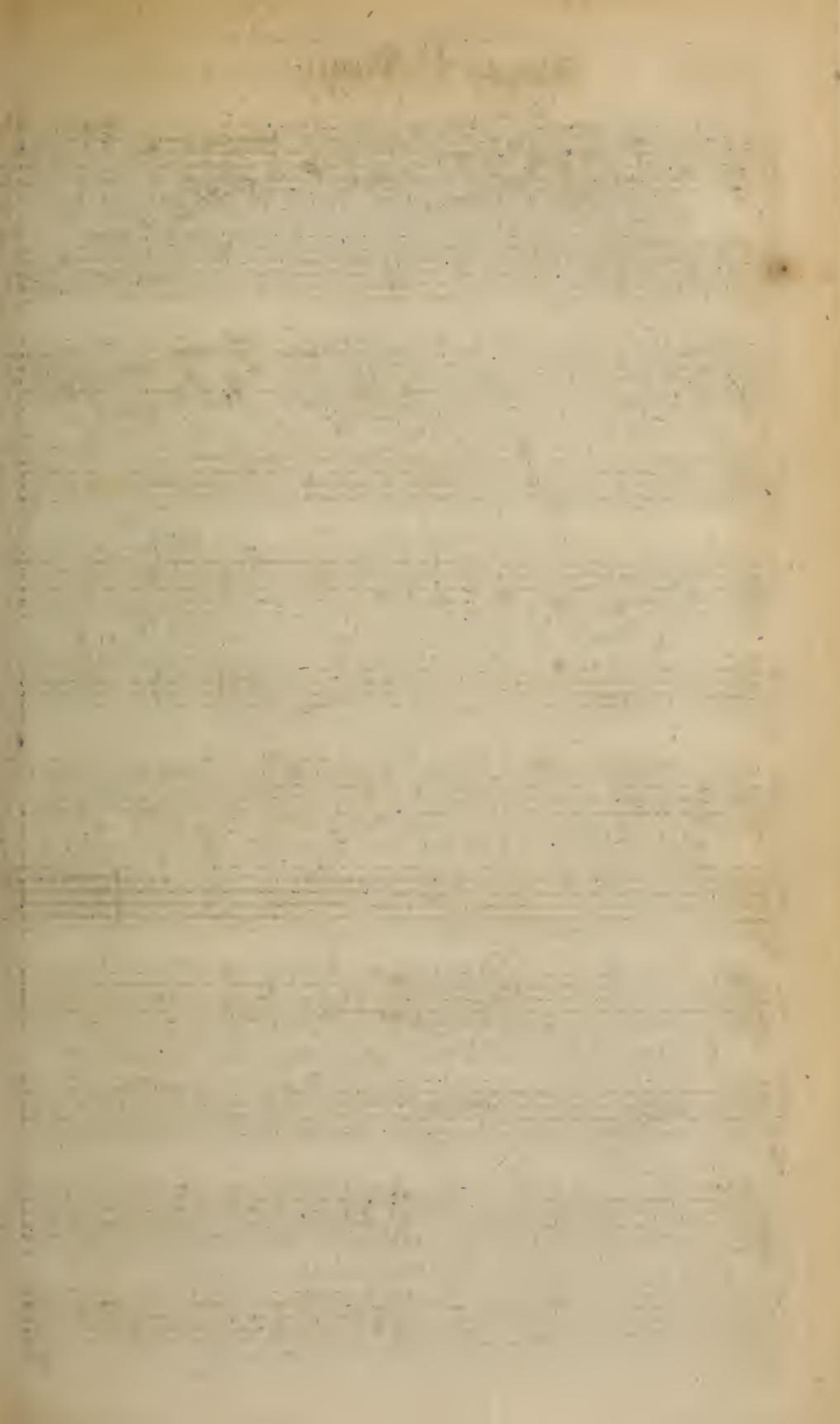
My ravish'd Fancy in amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
 Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways,
 Present thee to my Arms.
 But waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those Pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just Reward that's due to Love,
 And let true Passion die.

Oh! turn and let Compassion seize
 That lovely Breast of thine ;
 Thy Petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for Delight,
 That beauteous Form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,
 By hind'ring the Design.
 May all the Powers of Love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.





Bonny Christy

Handwritten musical score for 'Bonny Christy' in common time. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics written underneath. The lyrics are as follows:

How sweetly smells the Summer green; sweet
taste the Peach and Cherry; Painting and order
please our Een, and Claret makes us merry: but
finest Colours, Fruits and Flow'rs, and wine tho'
I be thirsty, lose a their Charms and weaker
Pow'rs compar'd with those of Christy.

The music is written in G clef, B-flat clef, and F clef. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand, with some words underlined. The score is divided into sections by vertical bar lines and repeat signs.



XII.

Bonny C H R I S T Y.

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer Green!
Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry;
Painting and Order please our Een,
And Claret makes us merry:
But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their Charms and weaker Powers,
Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,
No nat'r'al Beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,
And Birds in Consort chanting?
But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,
I'm rapt in Admiration;
My Thoughts with Extasies rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

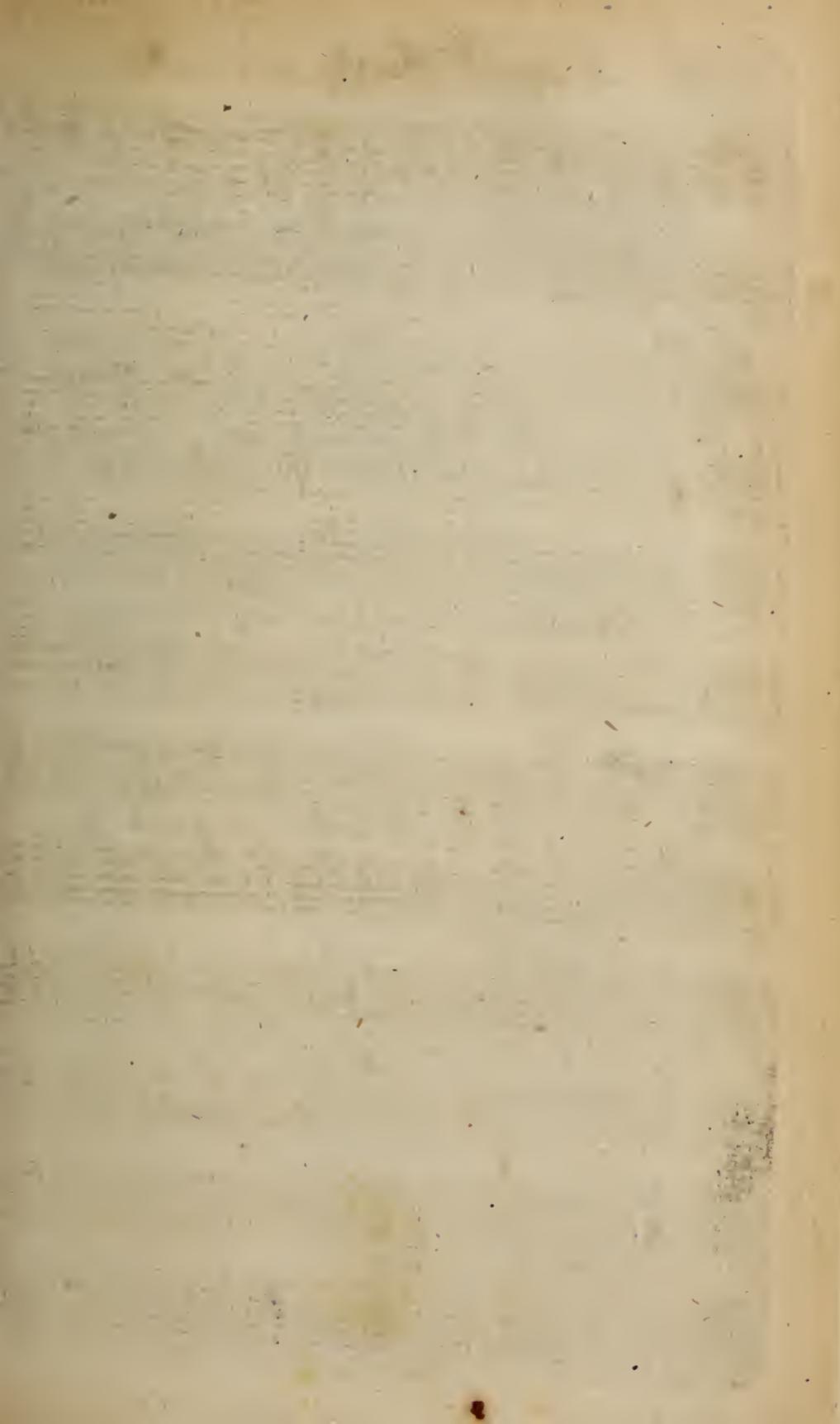
Whene'er she smiles a kindly Glance,
I take the happy Omen,
And

And often mint to make Advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman :
 But, dubious of my ain Desert,
 My Sentiments I smother ;
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a Burn,
 His *Christy* did o'er-hear him ;
 She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her Favour with a Look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white Minute took,
 And flang his Arms about her.

My *Christy* ! — witness, bonny Stream,
 Sic Joys frae Tears arising,
 I wish this may nae be a Dream ;
 O Love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for Taulk ;
 This Point of a' his Wishes
 He wadna with set Speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on Kisses.





Scornfu¹³ Nansy

A handwritten musical score for a single melody, likely for a fife or flute, with lyrics in English. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics tell a story of a woman named Nansy who goes to the Green Wood, is followed by a Gondspink, and is追求 (flattered) by a man, whom she rebuffs.

There's Nanfy's to the Green Wood gane, to hear y
Gondspink chat'ring, and Willy's follow'd her a-
lane, to gain her love by Flatt'ring, but a-that
he cou'd say or doe, she snuft and snarl'd at
him, and ay when he began to woo, She bad him
mind wha' gat him.



XIII.

Scornfu' Nancy.

NAns'ys to the *Green Wood* gane,
 To hear the Gowdspink chat'ring,
 And *Willie* he has follow'd her,
 To gain her Love by flat'ring :
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him ;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bad him mind wha' gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
 My Minny or my Aunty ?
 With Crowd-y-Mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty :
 With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well,
 And was not that right dainty ?

Altho' my Daddy was nae Laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
 A Ha' House and a Pantry :
 A good blew Bonnet on his Head,
 An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy ;
 And ay until the Day he died,
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

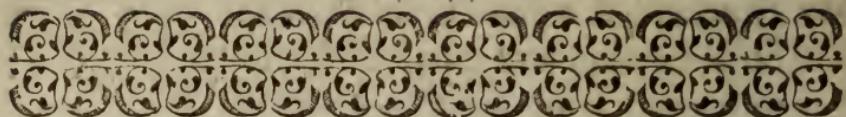
Now wae and wander on your Snout,
 Wad ye haе bonny *Nansy* ?
 Wad ye compare ye'r sel' to me,
 A Docken till a Tansie ?
 I have a Wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple *Sandy*,
 And well I wat his bonny Mou
 Is sweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow *Nansy*, what needs a' this Din ?
 Do I not ken this *Sandy* ?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his Kin
 Was *Rab* the Beggar randy :
 His minny *Meg* upo' her Back
 Bare baith him and his *Billy* ;
 Will he compare a nasty Pack
 To me your winsome *Willy* ?

My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my Word,
 It is baith stout and trusty ;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a Heezy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,
 And said, did *Sandy* hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye :
 Sae had ye'r Tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy ;
 For as lang's *Sandy*'s to the Fore,
 Ye never shall get *Nansy*.





XIV.

The Highland Laddie.

O *My bonny bonny Highland Laddie,*
 O *my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,*
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his Highland Plaidy.

The *Lawland Lads* think they are fine ;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that gracefu' *Mie* !
 And manly Looks of my *Highland Laddie* ?
O my bonny, &c.

If I were free at Will to chuse
 To be the wealthicest *Lawland Lady*,
 I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
 With Bonnet blew, and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The Brawest Beau in Borrows-town,
 In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
 Compair'd to him, he's but a Clown ;
 He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'cr

The Highland Laddie ^{I4}

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,". The second staff continues with the same clef, time signature, and key signature. The lyrics are: "O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie, when". The third staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: "I was Sick and like to die, he row'd me in his". The fourth staff continues with the same clef, time signature, and key signature. The lyrics are: "Highland Plaidy.". The music concludes with a final staff that ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my *Lawland* Kin and Dady.
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll screen me with his *Highland* Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and filken Bed,
May please a *Lawland* Laird and Lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a Bush in's *Highland* Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear *Highland* Laddie,
And he ca's me his *Lawland* Lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
While Heaven preserves my *Highland* Laddie.

O my bonny bonny *Highland Laddie*,
O my bonny bonny *Highland Laddie*,
When I was sick and like to die,
He row'd me in his *Highland Plaidy*.



XV.

Blink o'er the Burn.

AS gentle Turtle Dove,
By cooing shews Desire,
As Ivys Oak do love,
And twining round aspire :
So I my *Betty* love,
So I my *Betty* woo,
I coo as coos the Dove,
And twine as Ivys do.

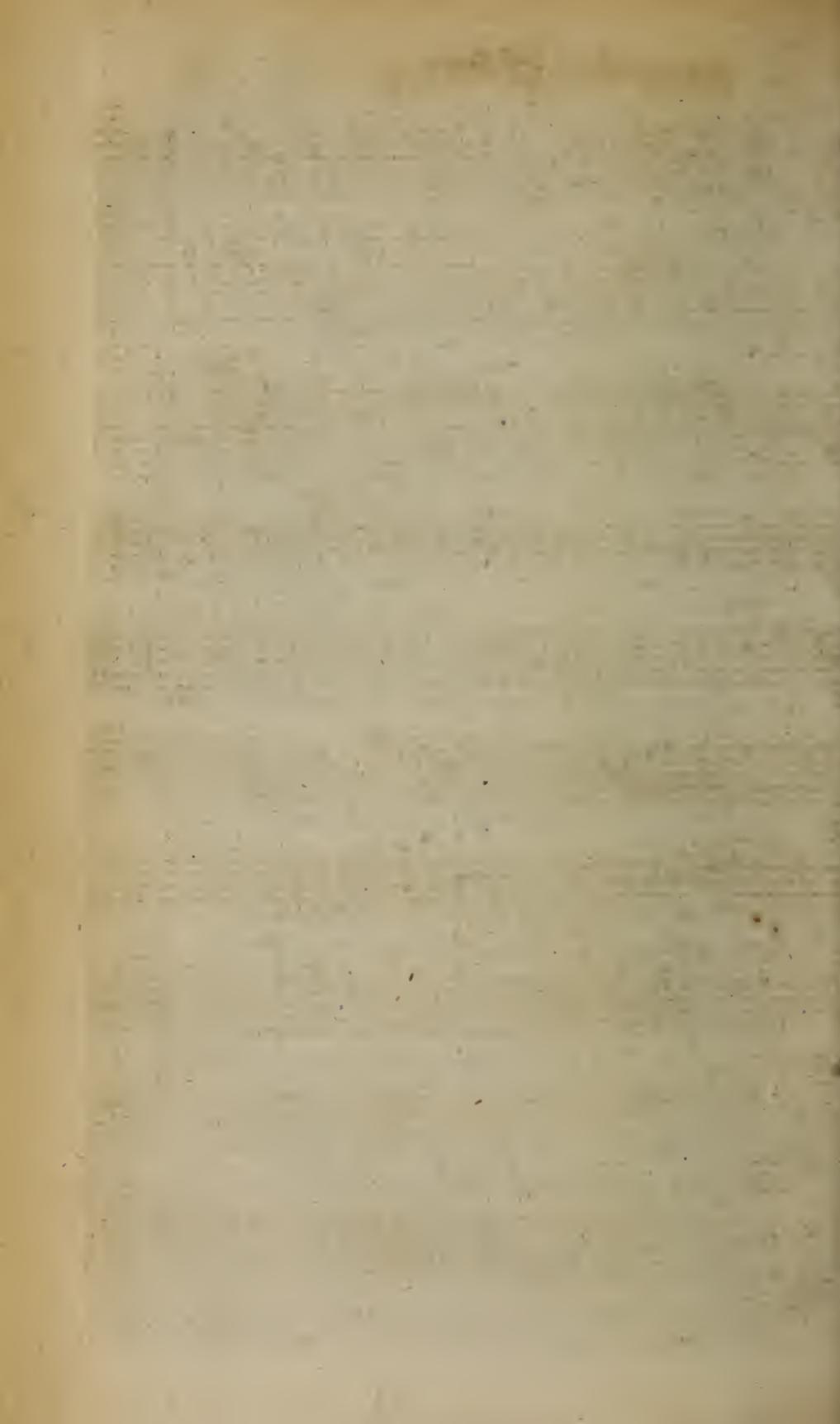
Her Kiss is sweet as Spring,
Like *June* her Bosom's warm,
The *Autumn* ne'er did bring,
By half, so sweet a Charm.
As living Fountains do
Their Favours ne'er repent,
So *Betty's* Blessings grow,
The more, the more they're lent.

Leave Kindred and Friends, sweet *Betty*,
Leave Kindred and Friends for me ;
Assur'd thy Servant is stiddy
To Love, to Honour, and Thee.

Blink o'er the ¹⁵ Burn

Handwritten musical score for 'Blink o'er the Burn' featuring a vocal line and a basso continuo line. The vocal line is in common time (indicated by '3/4' on the first measure), with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The basso continuo line is in common time (indicated by '2/4' on the first measure), with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal part includes lyrics in English, and the basso continuo part includes a basso continuo realization with dots and dashes.

As Gentle Turtle Doves, By Cooing shew de
-fire, As I vy Oaks do love, in Twining
do aspire. So I my Bet-ty Love; so I my
Bet-ty woo, I Coo, as Coos a Dove, and
Twine as I vy doe.



The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
May fly, by chance as they came ;
They're Grounds the Destinies sport on,
But Virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
Thy Charms so heavenly appear,
That other Beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only, my Dear.
And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter,
The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,
To share them together is fitter,
Than moan asunder, like Doves.

Oh ! were I but once so blessed,
To grasp my Love in my Arms !
By thee to be grasped ! and kissed !
And live on thy Heaven of Charms !
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Shou'd Fortune capricious prove ;
Tho' Death shou'd tear me to pieces,
I'd die a Martyr to Love.





XVI.

TWEED-SIDE.

What Beauties does *Flora* disclose?
 How sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?
 Yet *Mary*'s still sweeter than those;
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
 Nor Daisy, nor sweet blushing Rose,
 Nor all the gay Flowers of the Field,
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
 Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,
 The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,
 With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
 Let us see how the Primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some Village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?
 Does *Mary* not 'tend a few Sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep.

Tweed's

Tweed Side ¹⁶

Handwritten musical score for 'Tweed Side' in 3/4 time, treble clef, key of G major (two sharps). The score consists of six staves of music with corresponding lyrics in English. The lyrics are as follows:

What Beauties does Flora disclose, how
sweet are her smiles upon Tweed, yet Mary's still
sweeter than those both Nature and Fancy exceed.
No Daisie nor sweet blushing Rose, nor all y^e gay
Flowers of the Field, nor Tweed Gliding gently thro'
those such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The score includes a tempo marking 'tr.' above the first staff.

Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,
To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare ;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray ?
Oh ! tell me at Noon where they feed ;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed ?



XVII.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oft times heard
her say,

Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,
And that Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

False Shepherds, that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for *Strephon*'s cold Heart never
warms;

Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms,
Oh Strephon! the Cause of my Mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
Down to the Shades below,
E'er ye let *Strephon* know,
That I have lov'd him so:

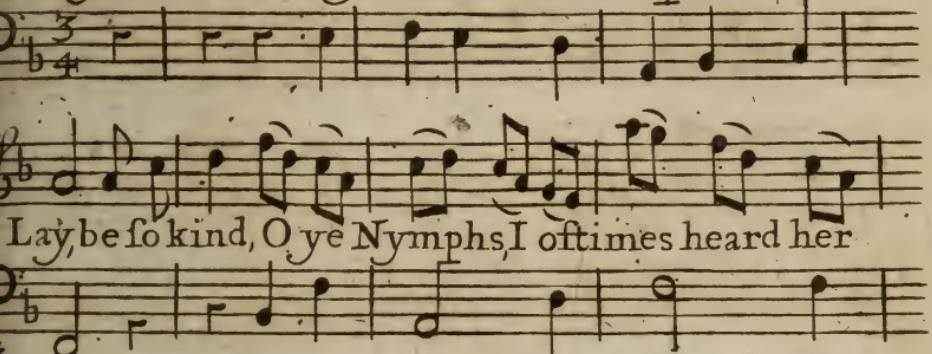
Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show,
That Love was the Cause of my Mourning.

Her Eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
But finding her breathless, oh Heavens! did he cry,
Ab Chloris! the Cause of my Mourning.

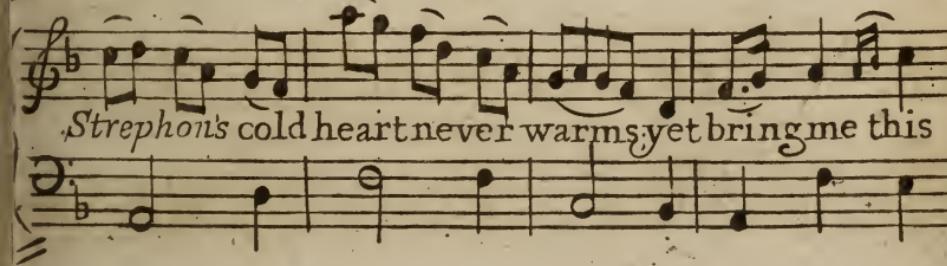
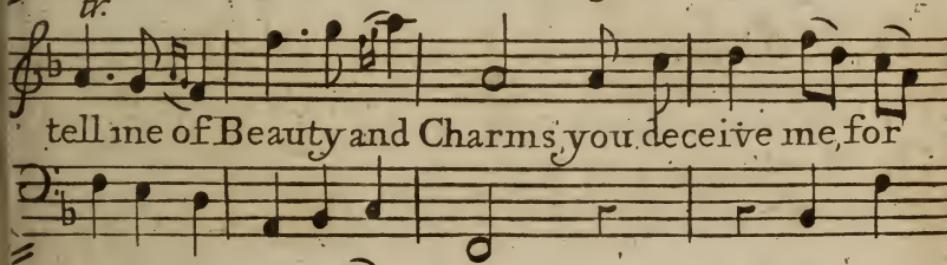
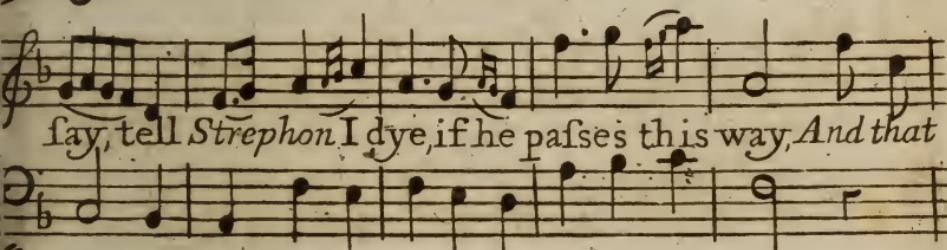
Love is the Cause¹⁷ of my Mourning

tr.

By a murmuring stream a fair Shepherdess



Lay, be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oftimes heard her



tr.
Strephon, let me dye in his arms, oh Strephon! th.

Cause of my Mou = rning. But first say'd she,

let me go down to the Shades below, E'er ye let

Strephon know, that I have Loy'd him so.

then on my pale Cheek; no Blushes will show, Th.

Love was the Cause of my Mou = rning.

Restore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs use your Art;
They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he said;
I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,
Down to the silent Shade.

Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with Mourning.





XVIII.

Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove,
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with speed.
 Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
 For *Jeany*'s haughty Heart must bleed.
 The smiling Boy, with divine Art,
 From *Paphos* shot an Arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,
 And kill'd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
 Refuses *Willy*'s kind Address;
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
 But too much Fondness to suppress.
 No more the Youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the Green,
 Whilst every Day he spies some new
 Surprising Charms in bonny *Jean*.

A thousand Transports croud his Breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
 His former Sorrows seem a Jest,
 Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind:

Riches

Bonny ¹⁸ Jean

Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove, said, Cupid,

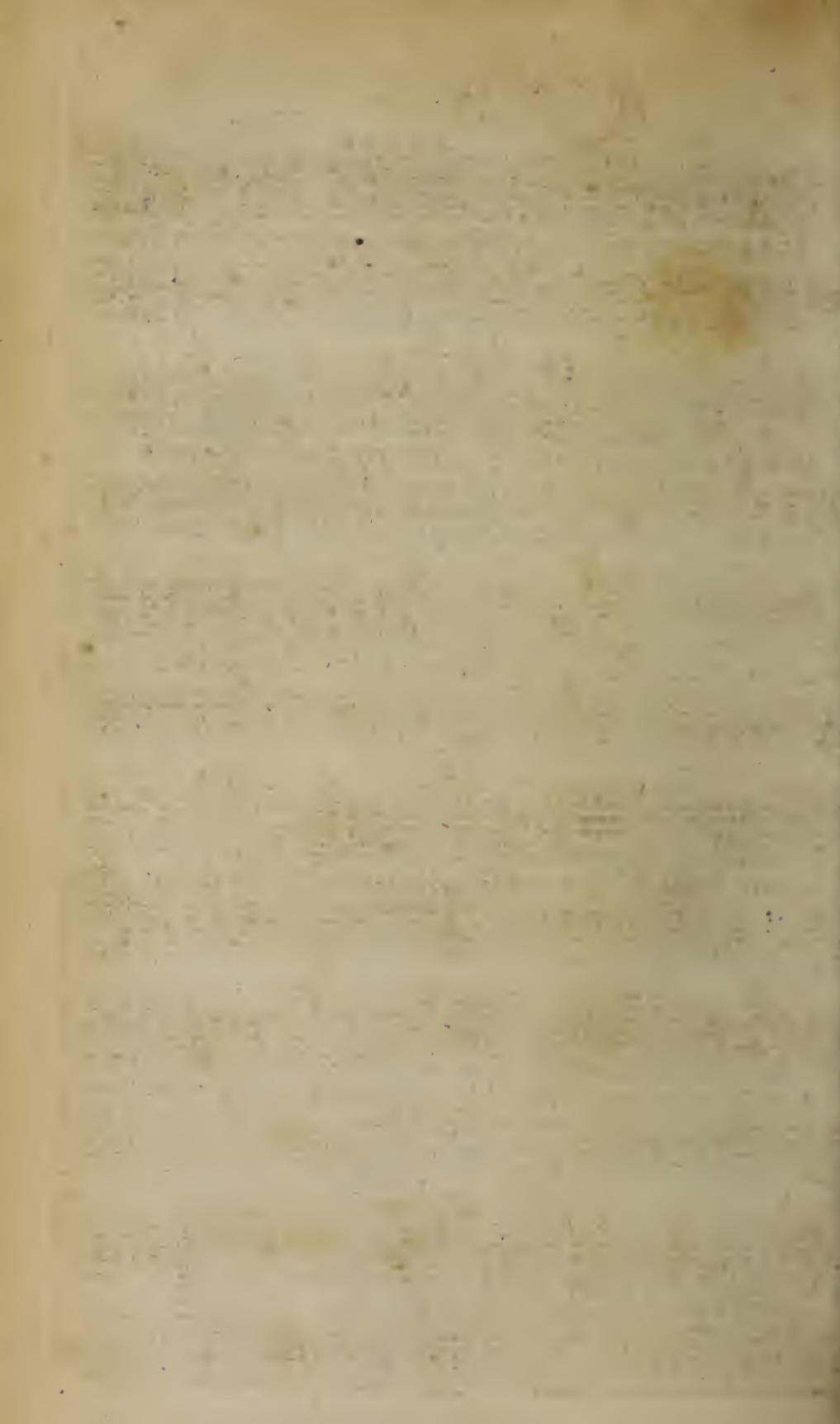
bend thy Bow with speed, nor let the shaft at Random

rove for Jean's haughty Heart must bleed. The

smiling Boy with divine art, from Paphos shot an

Arrow keen, which flew unerring to the Heart, and

kill'd the Pride of bonny Jean.



Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean ;
The cheerful Hound and Horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny *Jean*.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,
Which ev'n in Summer shortned seems ;
When sunk in Downs, with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than *Troy's* Prize, the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking Day, he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.





XIX.

MARY SCOT.

Happy's the Love which meets return,
 When in soft Flames Souls equal burn.
 But Words are wanting to discover
 The Torments of a hopeless Lover.
 Ye Registers of Heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the Flower of *Tarrow* ?

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
 Her Love the Gods above must share ;
 While Mortals with Despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a Smile :
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing Swain the Banks of *Tarrow*.

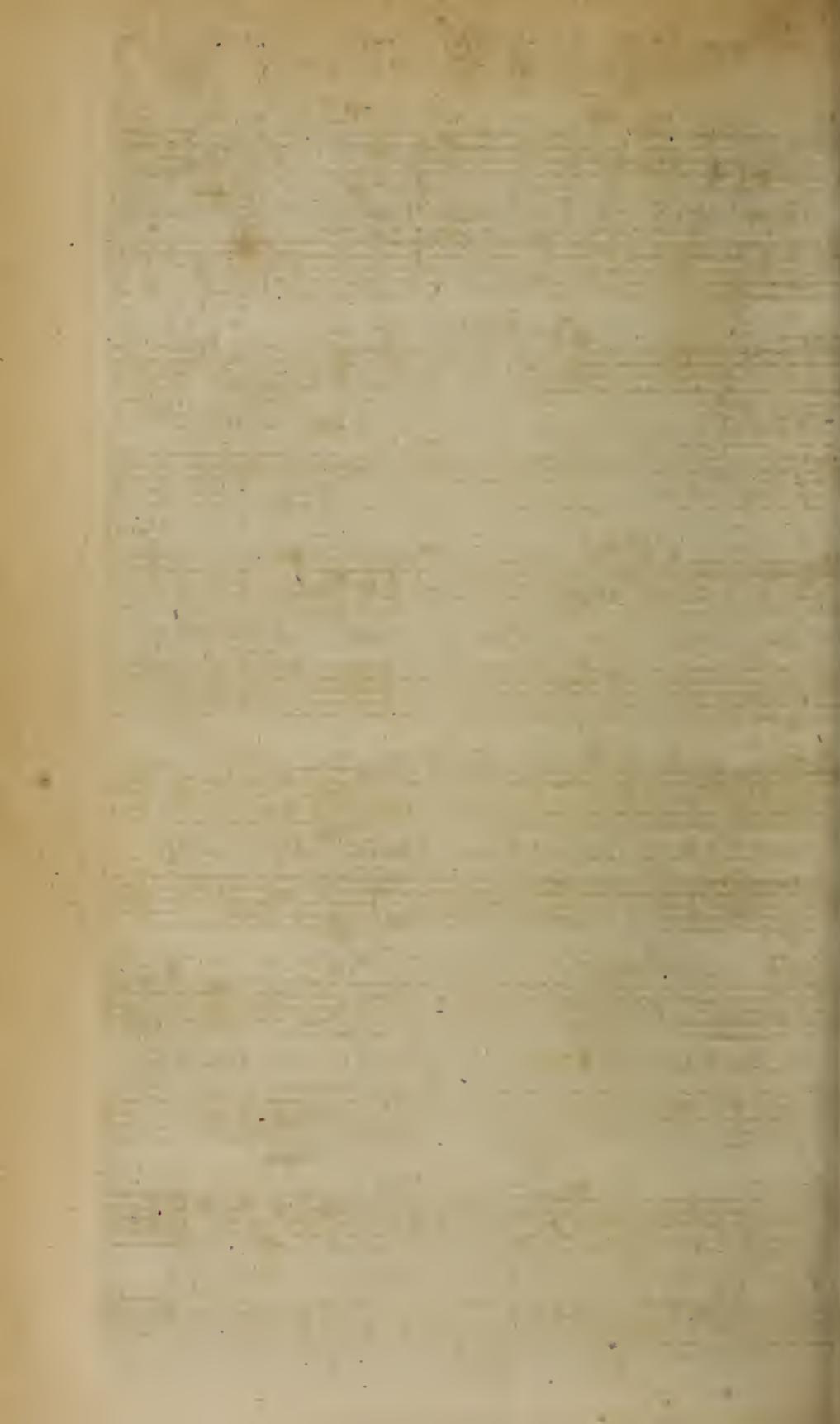
Be hush, ye Fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair ;

Thea

Mary Scot¹⁹

Handwritten musical score for 'Mary Scot' featuring two staves of music with lyrics in English. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics describe a lover's despair and a prophecy of fate.

How happy's the Love which meets return, when
in soft Flames Souls equal burn, but words are
wanting to discover, the Torments of a hopeless
Lover. Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate, if looking
o'er the Rolls of Fate, did you then see me mark'd as
Marrow to Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow!



Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,
She is too good to let me languish :
With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky ;
When *Mary Scot's* become my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradise on *Tarrow*.





XX.

The Mill, Mill—O.

BEncath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still — O ;
 A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove
 Around her with good Will — O :
 Her Bosom I prest ; but, sunk in her rest,
 She stird na my Joy to spill — O :
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill — O.

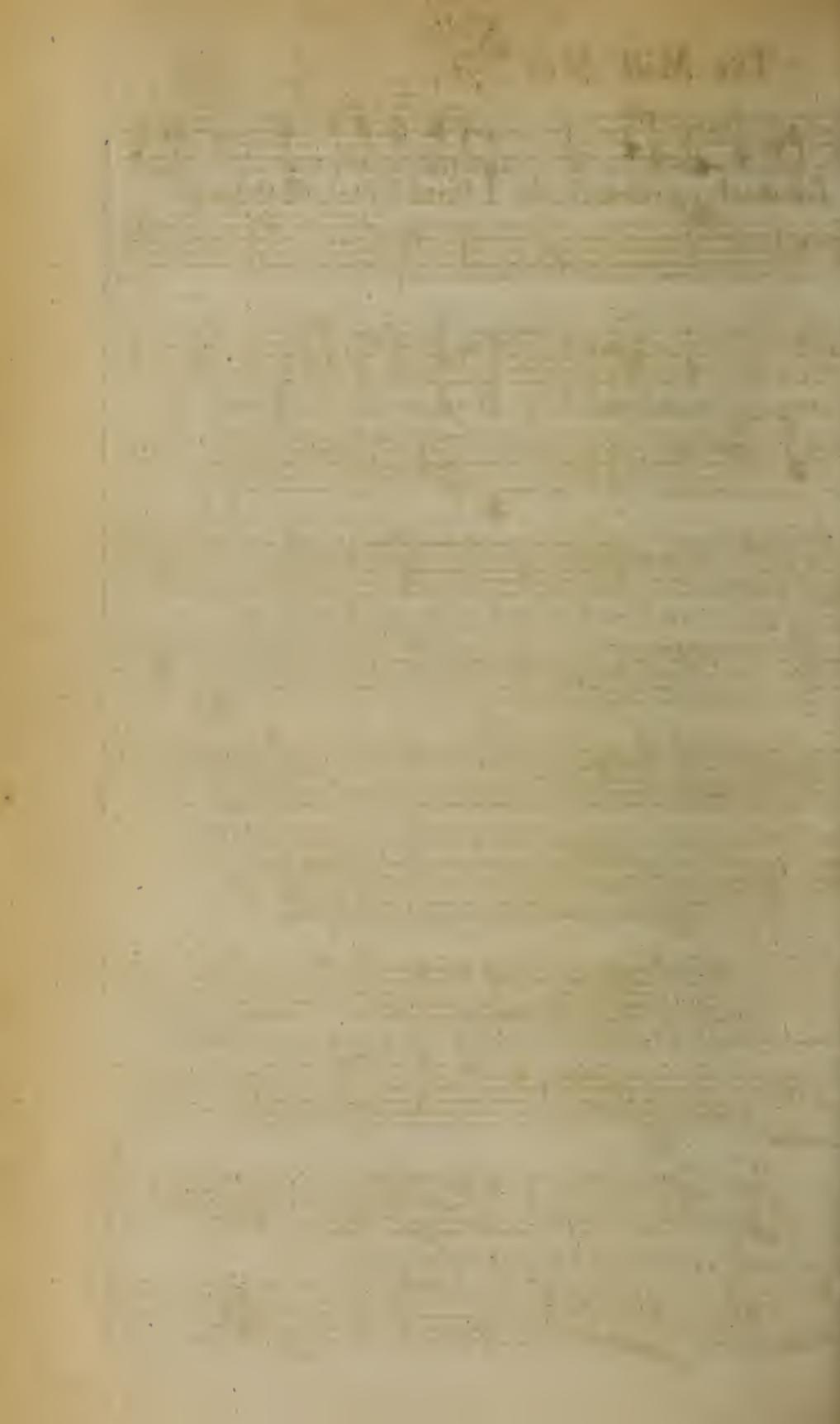
Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
 T' employ my Courage and Skill — O ,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa,
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill — O . [Famic,
 Tw'a Years brought me hame, where loud fraising
 Tald me with a Voice right shrill — O ,
 My Lass, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O .

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell — O .

The Mill, Mill ²⁰ O.

A handwritten musical score for a three-part setting (Treble, Alto, Bass) in common time. The music consists of six staves of music with corresponding lyrics in English. The lyrics are as follows:

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair Maid, was
sleeping sound and still. O; Alow an wi Love my
Fancy did rove, around her with good will. O;
Her Bosom I prest, but sunk in her rest, she stir'd nay
Joy to spill. O; while kindly she slept close to her I
crept, and kiss'd and kiss'd her my fill. O.



Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell — O.

Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
And bad her a' Fears expel — O ;
And nae more look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my sell — O.

My bonny sweet Lass on the gowany Grass,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill* — O,
If I did Offence, I'se make ye Amends
Before I leave *Peggy's Mill* — O.

O the Mill, Mill — O, and the Kill, Kill — O,
And the cogging of the Wheel — O ;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger reel — O.





XXI.

JOHNNY and NELLY.

JOHNNY.

THO' for seven Years and mair, Honour shou'd
 reave me,
To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee :
For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented ;
And Love shall preserve ay what Love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

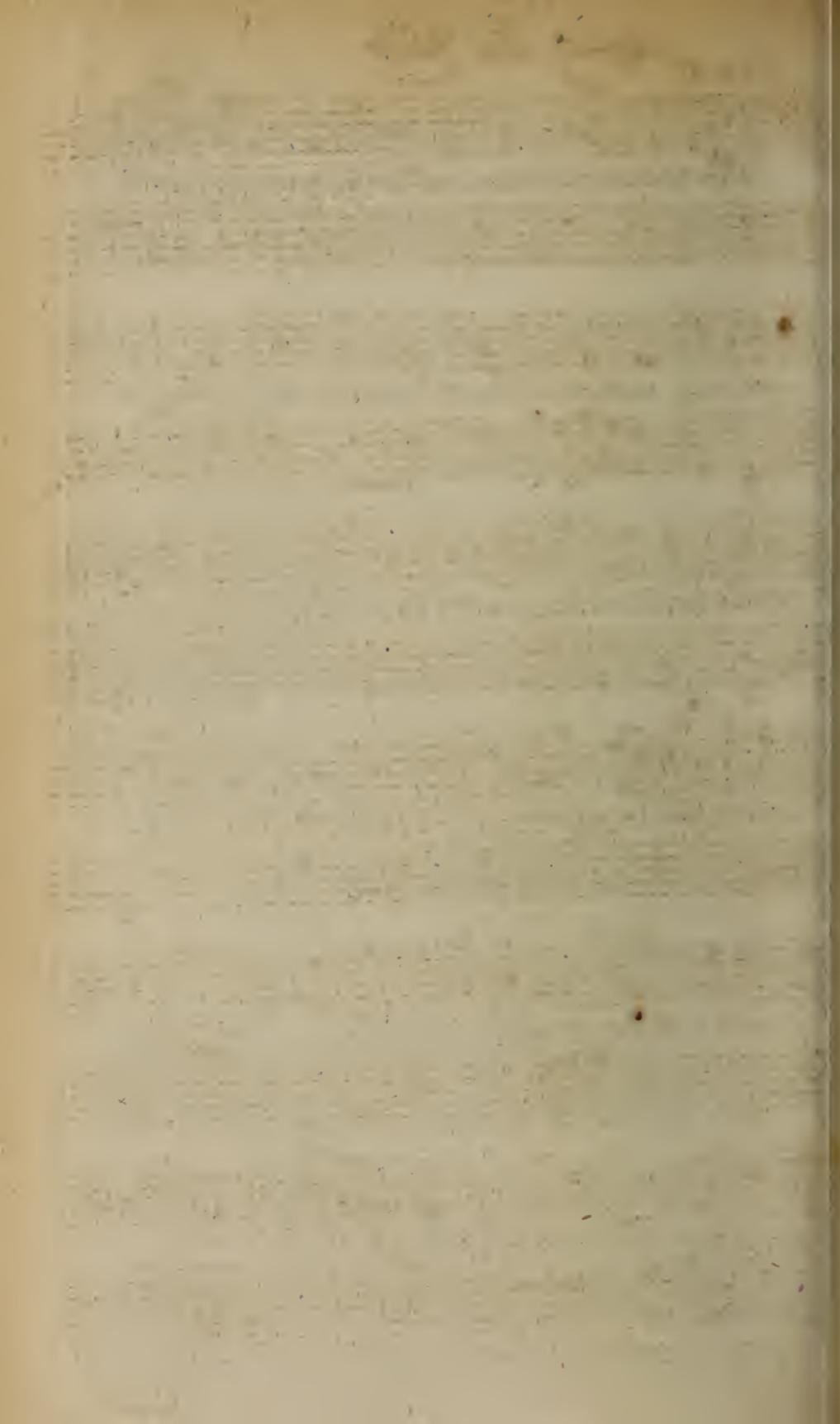
O *Johnny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover ;
And nought i' the Warld wad vex my Heart sairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JOHNNY.

My *Nelly*, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye :
Your

Johnny ²¹ Johnny and Nelly

Tho' for seven Years and mair, honour shou'd
reave me, to Fields where Cannons rair, thou needna
grieve thee, for deep in my Spirit thy sweets are in-
dented, and Love shall preserve ay what Love has Im-
printed. Leave thee Leave thee I'll never leave thee,
Leave thee Leave thee I'll never leave thee,
gang the world as it will dearest believe me.
gang the world as it will dearest believe me.



Your blooming saft Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,
 Your Vertue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, *Johnny*, I frankly this minute allow ye,
 To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trow
 ye,
 And gin ye prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me
 Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNNY.

Bid Iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
 And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
 Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 Thie Starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.





XXII.

Katherine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
 Upon a Morning early,
 While *May*'s sweet Scent did chear my Brain,
 From Flowers which grow so rarely ;
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
 She shin'd, tho' it was fogie ;
 I ask'd her Name : sweet Sir, she said,
 My Name is *Katherine Ogie*.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a Nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an Air there did appear
 In a Country Maid so neatly :
 Such natural Sweetness she display'd,
 Like a Lillie in a Bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd,
 Like this same *Katherine Ogie*.

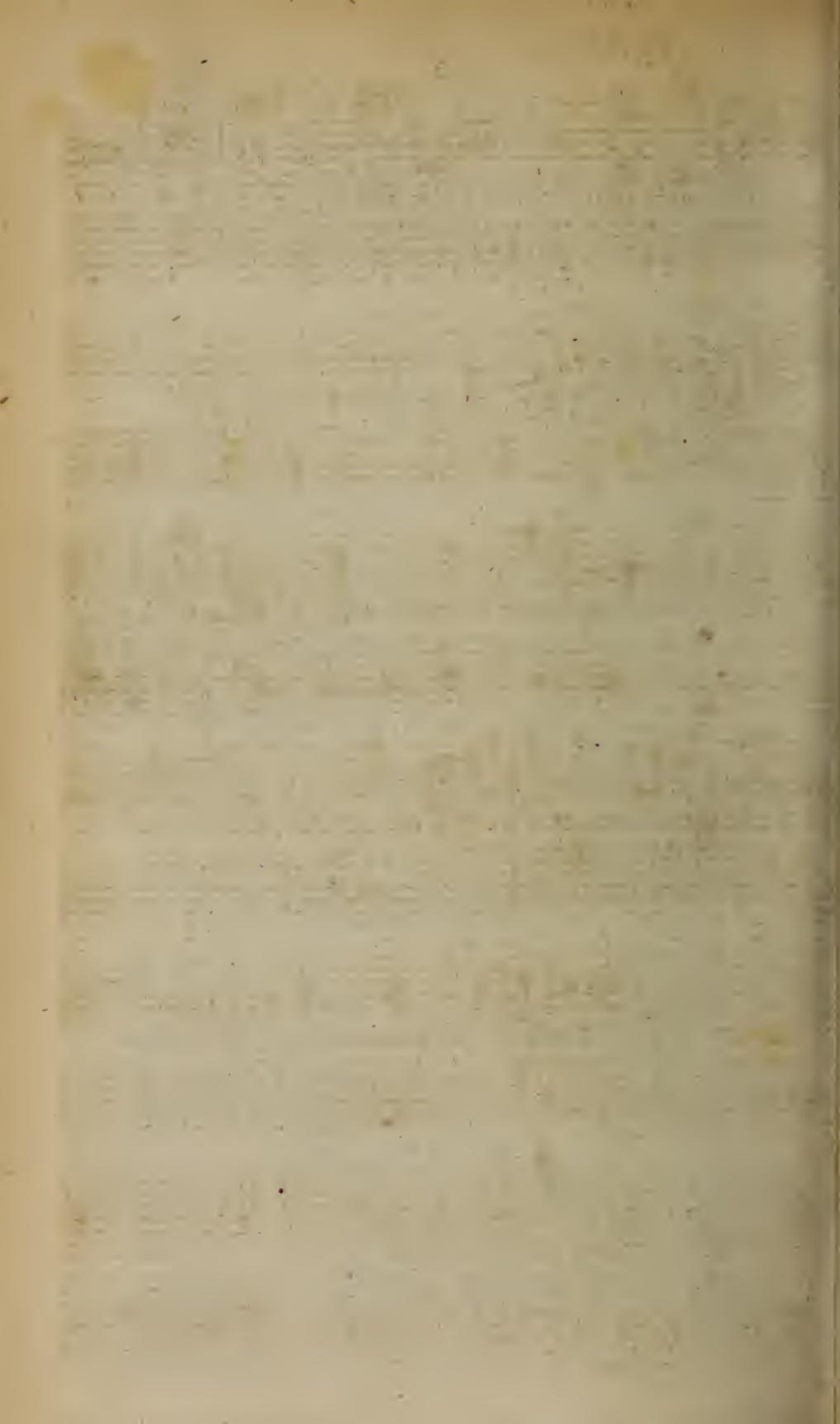
Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;

Tho'

Katherine ²² Ogie

As walking forth to view the Plain, upon a
morning Early, while May's sweet scent did
clear my Brain from Flow'r's which grow so rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid, she shin'd tho'
it was Fogie, I ask'd her Name: sweet Sir, she
said, My Name is Katherine Ogie.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line is in soprano range, and the piano accompaniment is in basso continuo range. The lyrics are integrated into the musical structure, appearing below the vocal line in a cursive hand. The score is written on a single page with a decorative border.



Tho' thou art drest in Robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :
 Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look,
 Far excels any clownish Rogie ;
 Thou art Match for Lord, or Duke,
 My charming *Katherine Ogie*.

O were I but some Shepherd-Swain !
 To feed my Flock beside thee,
 At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier Man,
 With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
 Than he that hugs his Thousands ten,
 Had I but *Katherine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,
 And Statesmens dangerous Stations :
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
 I'd smile at conquering Nations :
 Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
 This Lass, of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are Toys and ſtill look leſs,
 Compar'd with *Katherine Ogie*.

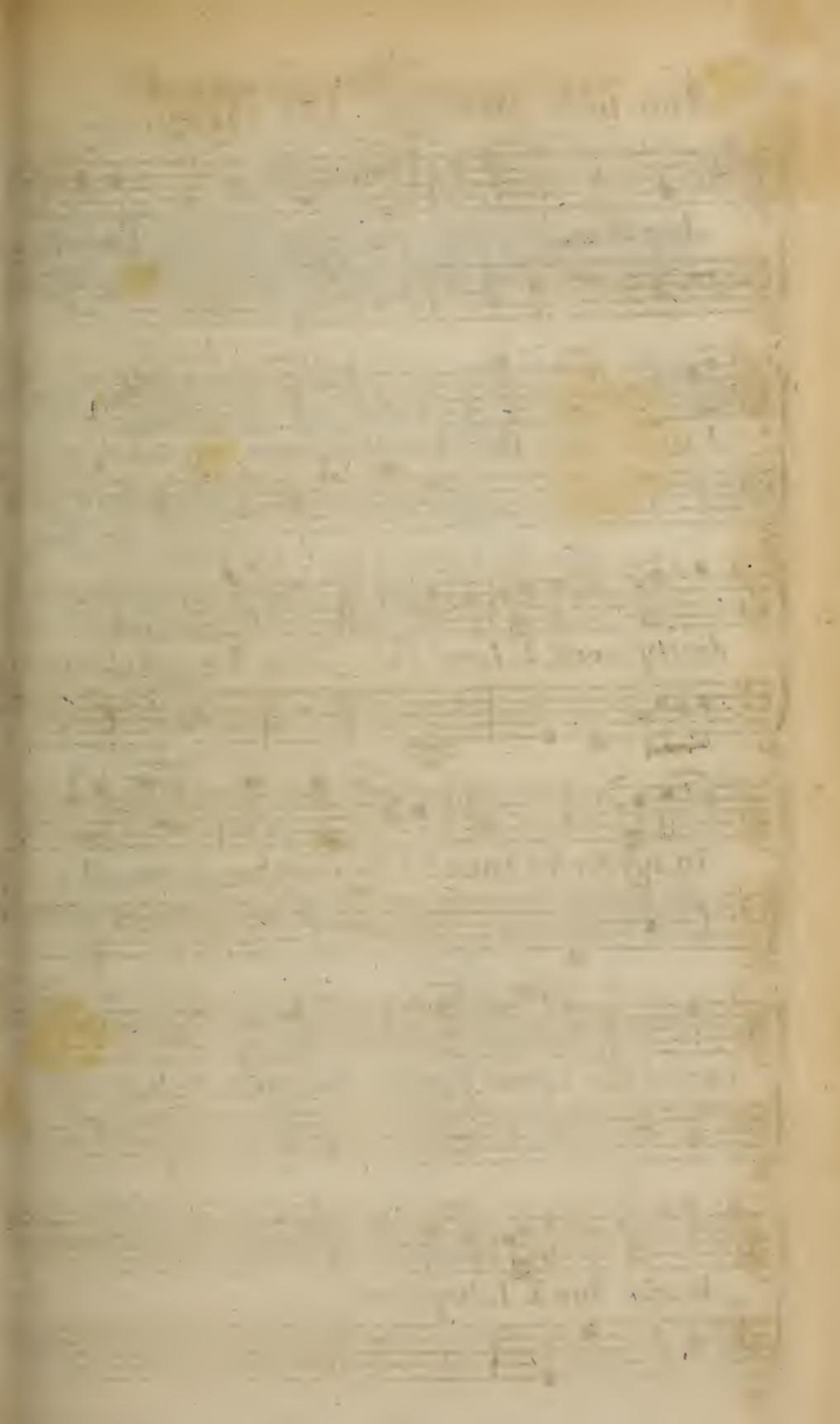
But I fear the Gods have not decreed
 For me ſo fine a Creature,

Whose

Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed
All other Works in Nature.

Clouds of Despair surround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my Case, ye Powers above,
Else I die for *Katherine Ogie*.





Ann thou were my ²⁵ a in thing

Ann thou were my a in thing, I woud Love thee,

I woud Love thee, Ann thou were my a in thing how

dearly woud I Love thee, Then I woud clasp thee

in my Arms, then I'd secure thee from all

harms, for above Mortal thou hast charms, how

dearly doe I Love thee.



XXIII.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

ANN thou were my ain thing,
I wou'd lo'e thee, I wou'd lo'e thee,
Ann thou were my ain Thing,
How dearly wou'd I lo'e thee !

I would clasp thee in my Arms,
I'd secure thee from all Harms ;
For above Mortal thou hast Charms,
How dearly do I lo'e thee ?

Ann thou were, &c.

Of Race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee ;
So I must still presumptuous be,
To show how much I lo'e thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

The Gods one Thing peculiar haye,
To ruin none whom they can save ;

O! for their sake support a Slave,
Who only lives to lo'e thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

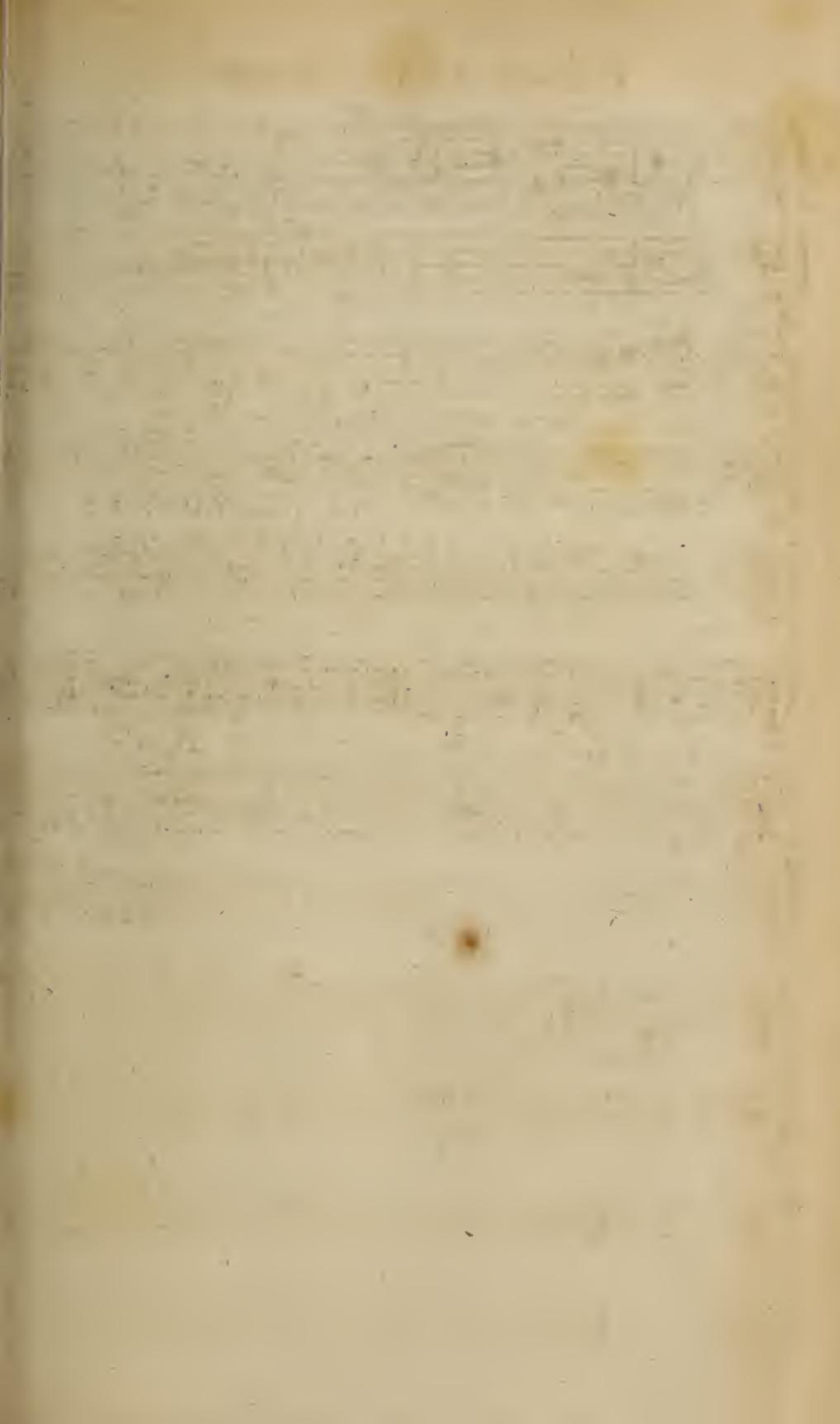
To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I lo'e, and for your sake,
What Man can name, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I lo'e thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

My Passion, constant as the Sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my Thread of Life have spun,
Which breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.

Ann thou were, &c.





Polwart on^{2A} the Green

At Polwart on the Green, if you'l meet
me the Morn, where Lasses doe conve = ne, to
dance about the Thorn, A kindly welcome
you shall meet, frae her wha likes to view, A
Lover and a Lad compleat, the Lad and Lover
you.



XXIV.

Polwart on the Green.

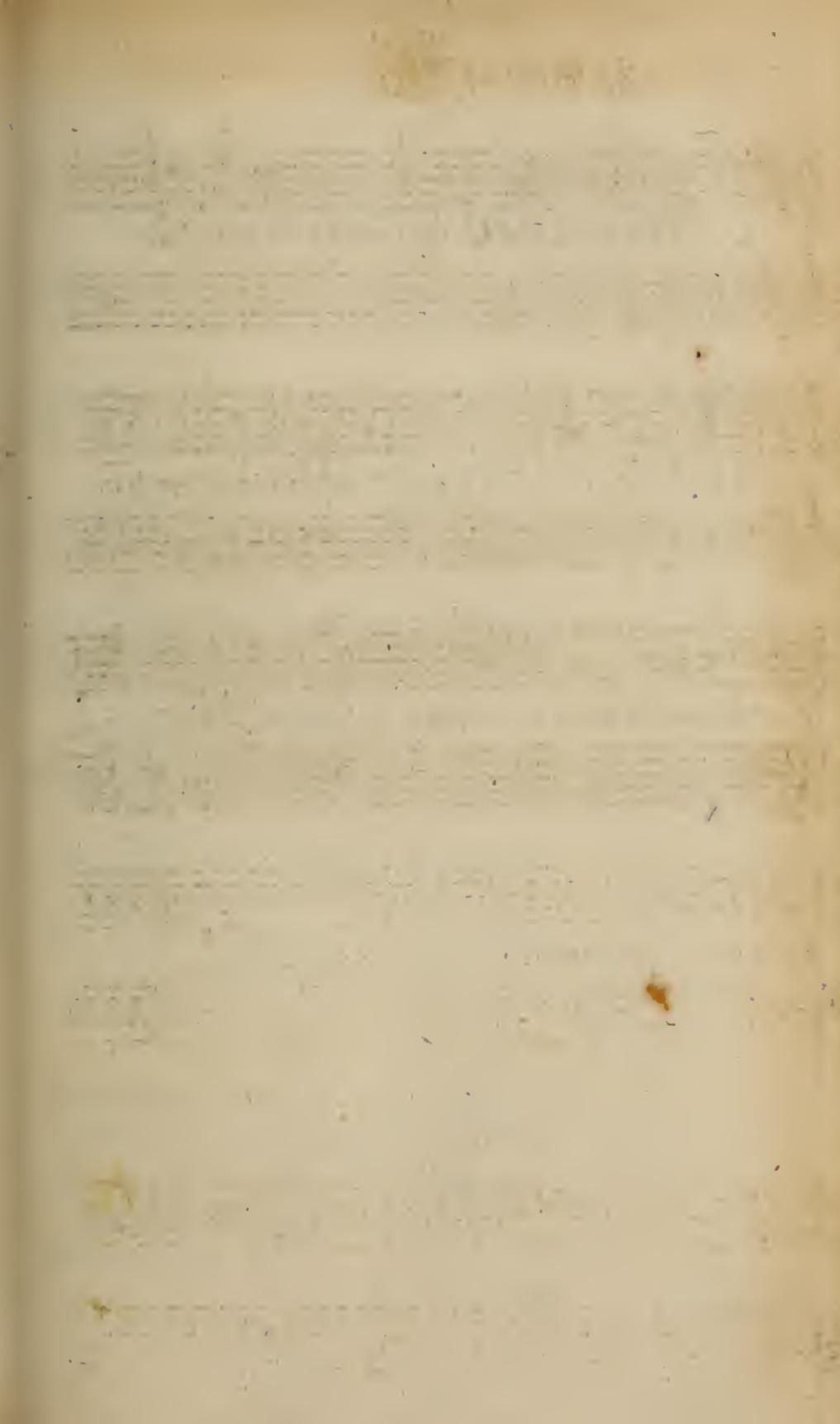
AT Polwart on the Green,
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Lasses do convene,
To dance about the Thorn;
A kindly Welcome you shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad complete,
The Lad and Lover you.

Let dory Dames say *na*,
As lang as c'er they please,
Seem caulder than the Sna',
While inwardly they bleez ;
But I will frankly shaw my Mind,
And yield my Heart to thee ;
Be ever to the Captive kind,
That lang na to be free.

At Polwart on the Green,
Amang the new-mawn Hay,

With Sangs and Dancing keen,
We'll pass the heartsome Day.
At Night, if Beds be o'erthrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.





25
A Health to Betty

O let us swim in Blood of Grapes, the
Richest of the City, and Solemnize up
on our Knees, A health to noble Betty.



XXV.

A Health to BETTY.

O Let us swim in Blood of Grapes,
 The richest of the City.
 And solemnize upon our Knees,
 A Health to noble Betty.

The Muses with the Milk of Queens,
 Have fed this comely Creature,
 That she's become a princely Dame,
 A Miracle of Nature.
 O let us, &c.

The Graces all both great and small,
 Were not by half so pretty ;
 The Queen of Love that reigns above,
 Cou'd not compare with Betty.
 O let us, &c.

Had David seen this lovely one,
 No Sin he had committed,
 He had not lain with Bath-sheba,
 Nor slain the valiant Hittite.
 O let us, &c.

Had *Solomon*, Heav'n's Minion,
View'd her Perfections over,
Then *Sheba's* Queen rejected had been,
Tho' clad with Gold of Ophir.
O let us, &c.

The Dons of *Spain* cou'd they obtain,
This Magazine of Pleasure ;
They'd never go to *Mexico*,
For all its *Indian* Treasure.
O let us, &c.

The Christian King wou'd dance and sing,
To have her at his pleasure,
And wou'd confine great *Mazarine*,
Within the Banks of *Tiber*.
O let us, &c.

The *Turk*, for all his great Empire,
Wou'd prostrate him beforc her,
And wou'd lay down his Golden Crown,
A Goddess like adore her.
O let us, &c.

Her Eyes are full of Majesty,
None but a Prince can own her,

She's

She's fitted for an Emperor,
A Diadem must crown her.

*O let us swim in Blood of Grapes,
The richest of the City,
And solemnize upon our Knees,
A Health to noble Betty.*





XXVI.

The Cock-Laird.

A Cock-Laird fu' Cadgie with *Jenny* did meet,
He ha'ft her and kiss'd her and ca'd her his
Sweet,

Gin thou'll ga'e alang wi' me, *Jenny*, quo' he,
Thou's be mine ain lamen Jo, *Jenny*, *Jenny*.

Gin I gae alang with you ye ma' na fail,
To feed me with Croudie and good hakit Kail,
What needs a' this Vanity, *Jenny*, quo' he,
Is not Banocks and dribly Berds good Meat for thee?

Gin I gae alang with you I man' ha'e a silk Hood,
A Kirtle Sark wylie Coat, and a silk Snood,
To tye up my Hair in a Cockernonie,
Hout away thou's gane wood I trow, *Jenny*, quo' he.

Gin you wa'd ha'e me look bonny, and shine like
the Moon,
I man' ha'e Katlets and Patlets, and Camerel-heel'd
Shoon,

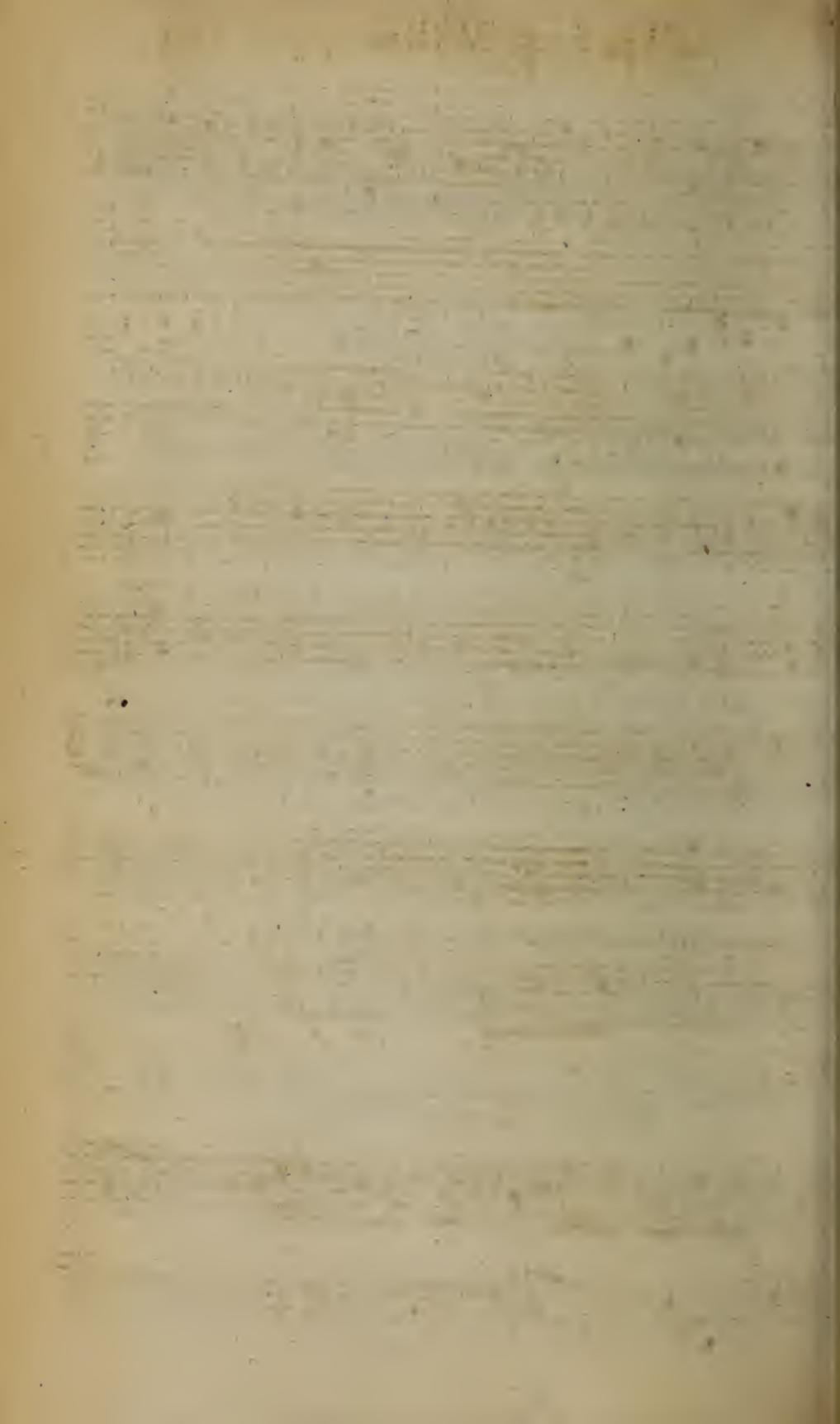
And

The Cock Laird

A Cock-Laird fur' Caigie, with *Jenny* did
meet, he hawf'd her, he kifs'd her, and ca'd her his
sweet, Gin thou'll gae alang wi' me, *Jenny*, Quo' he thonse
be mine ain Lemmane Jo, *Jenny*, *Jenny*.

For the German Flute

8



And Craig-cloths, and Lugg-babs, and Rings twa
or three ;
Hout the Deel's in your Vanity, *Jenny*, quo' he.

Sometimes I am troubled with Gripes in my Wemb,
Gin I get nae Stouries, I shall my sel' shame ;
I'll rift at the Rumble and gar the Wind flee.
Deel stap a Cork in your Doup, *Jenny*, quo' he.

Gin that be the Care you take, ye may gae loup,
For sick'na silly Hurtcheon shall ne'er skelp my Doup ;
Hout away, gae be hang'd, lousie Laidie, quo' she :
Deel scoup o' your Company, *Jenny*, quo' he,





XXVII.

Muirland Willie.

HArken, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo.
 Tho' he could neither say nor do ;
 The Truth I tell to you.
 But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se ha'e her to be my Bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
 With Durk and Pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,
 Till he came to her Dady's Door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
 I care no for making meikle Din ;
 What Answer gi' ye me ?

Muirland Willie ²⁷

Handwritten musical score for "Muirland Willie" in G clef, 8/8 time, and a tempo of 120 BPM. The score consists of eight staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The lyrics are as follows:

Harken and I will tell you how young Muirland
Willie came to woo, tho' he could neither say nor
do, the truth I tell to you. But ay he cries, what
e'er betide Maggy I se ha her to be my Bride w. a
fal de dal dal dal dal de ral dal fal la ral fal
la dal dal dal

Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, Woer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town ;
I think my Doghter winna gloom
On sick a Lad as ye.

The Woer he step'd up the House,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three Owscn in a Plough,
Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh* :

I scorn to tell a Lye :
Besides, I had frac the great Laird,
A Peat-pat and a lang Kail-yard.
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the Town ;
I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the Waiste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear ;
 And for my sell ye need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,
 He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou'.

With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,
 She had na Will to say him na,
 But to her Dady she left it a',

As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kiss,
 Syne ran to her Dady, and tell'd him this.

With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na say me na,
 But to your sell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa ;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?

Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na Meikle,
 But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle.

With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding-dinner free ;

Troth I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't.
With a fal, &c.

The bridal Day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lass ;
 But sicken a Day there never was,
 Sic Mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked Hands,
 Mess *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands.
With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
 Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bōnnilic.

Their Toys and Mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our Ladses Een,
With a fal, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic Din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
 The Minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met.
With a fal, &c.



XXVIII.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny Lassie,
Gi'e her a Kiss, and let her gae ;
But if ye meet a dirty Hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er with Strac.

Be sure ye dinna quat the Grip
Of ilka Joy, when ye are young,
Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
And lay ye twafaldo'er a Rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome Time ;
Then, Lads and Lasses, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu the Gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* speaks beneath her Breath,
And kisses, laying a' the Wyte
On you, if she kepp ony Syaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook ;

Syn

Fy gar rub her ²⁸ O'er wi' Strae

Gin ye meet a bonny Lassie, Gi'e her a

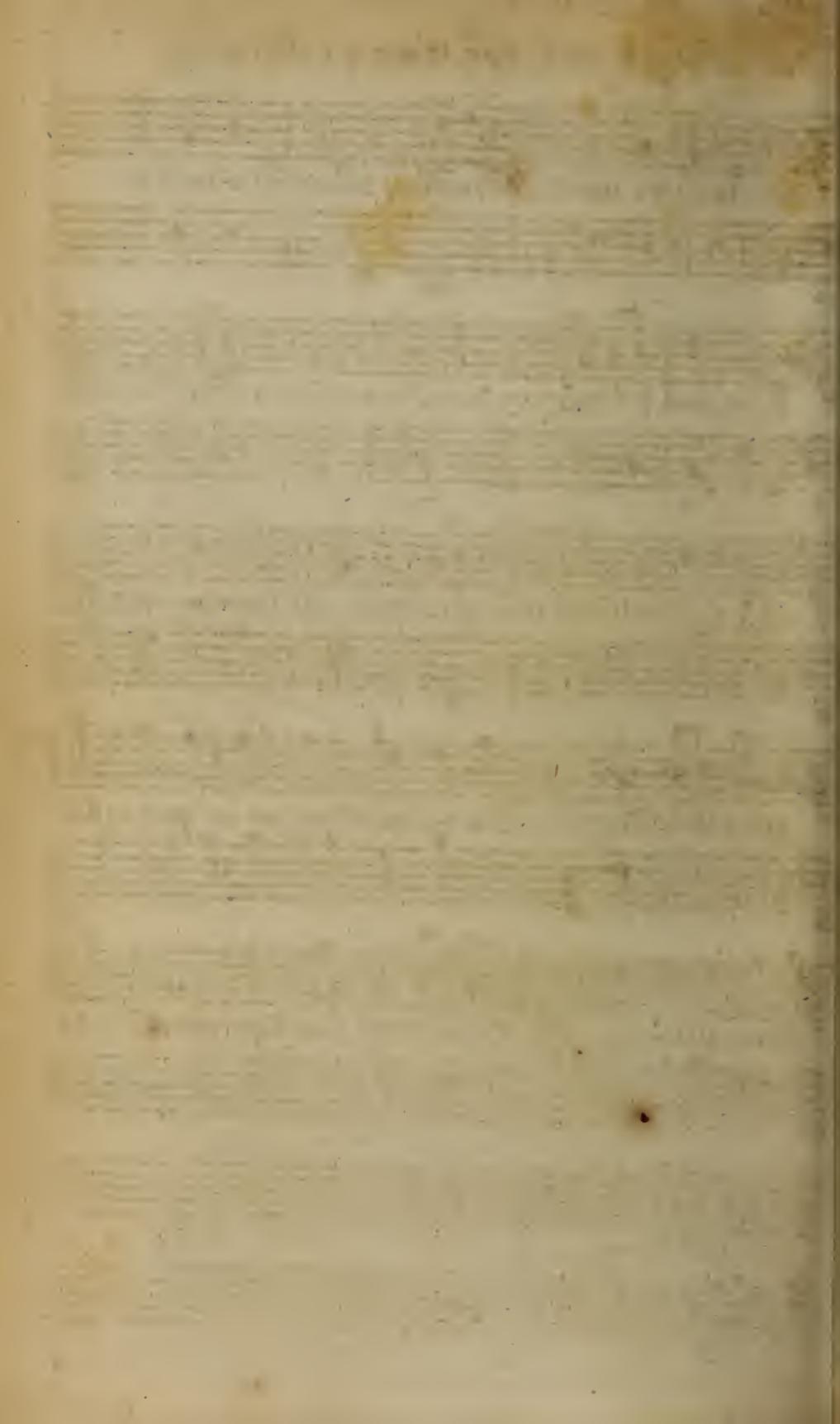
Kiss and let her gae, but if ye meet a dirty Hussy,

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae. Be sure ye dinna

quāt the Gripe of Ilk a Joy, when ye ar young be

fore auld age your Vitals nip, and lay ye twa fold

o'er a Rung.



Syne frac your Arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
Where lies the Happiness ye want,
And plainly tell you to your Face,
Nineteen na-says are haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a Kiss :
Frac her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Bliss.

These Bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant :
Then, surly Carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whinning Cant.





XXIX.

Peggy, *I must love thee.*

AS from a Rock past all Relief,
The shipwrackt *Colin* spying
His Native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
Half sunk in Waves, and dying :
With the next Morning Sun he spies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise ;
New Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted,
Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted :
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in *Peggy's* Mind and Face ;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But Virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying ;
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We lose ourselves in staying :

Peggy I must Love thee ²⁹

As from a Rock past all relief, the Shipwrackt

Colin spying, his Native Soil, o'ercome with

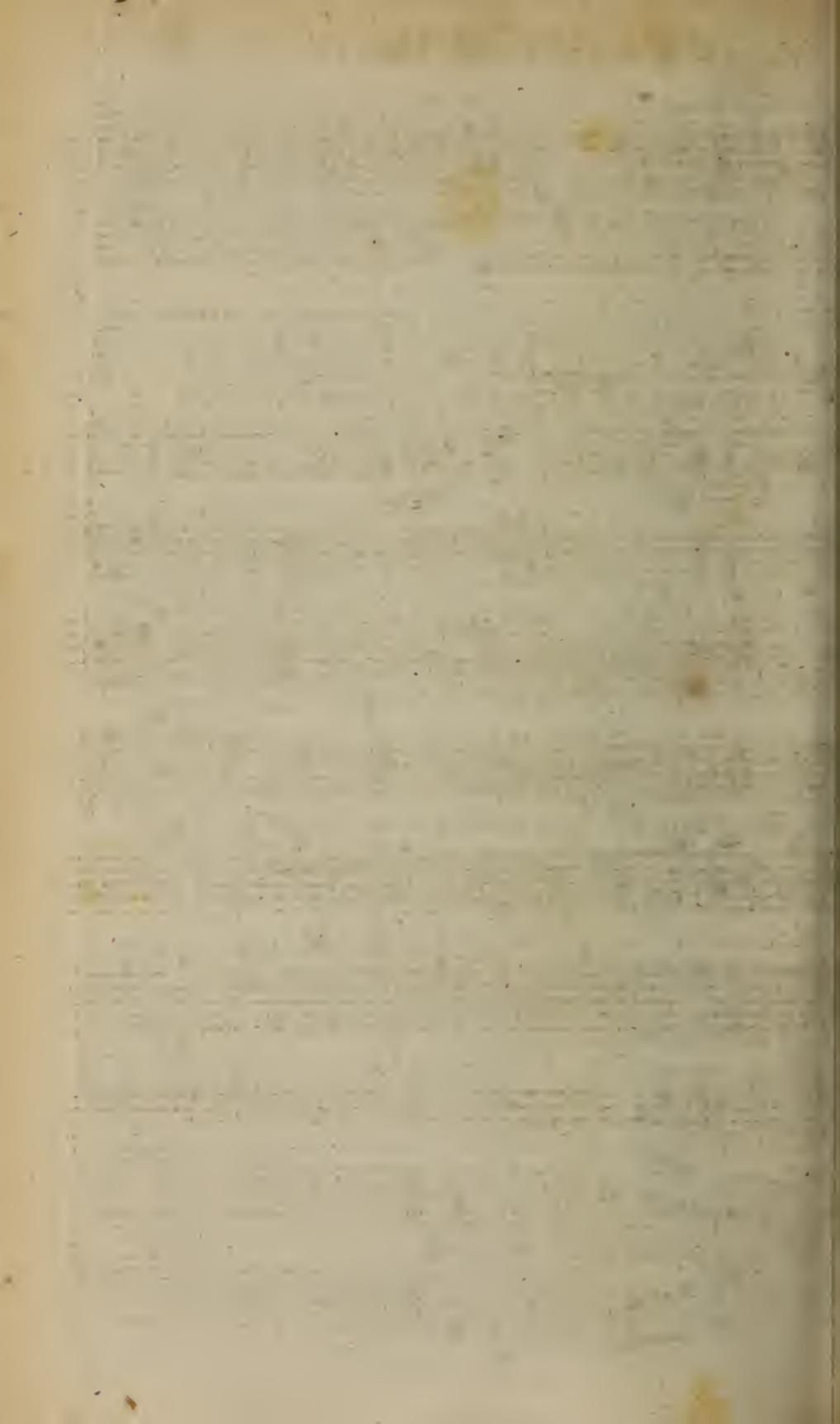
grief, half sunk in waves, and dying: With the next

Morning Sun he spys, a Ship which gives unhop'd sur

rise, new Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes with

Joy, and waits her motion.

The musical score is handwritten on eight staves. The first staff starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'As from a Rock past all relief, the Shipwrackt' are written below the staff. The second staff starts with a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Colin spying, his Native Soil, o'ercome with' are written below the staff. The third staff starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'grief, half sunk in waves, and dying: With the next' are written below the staff. The fourth staff starts with a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Morning Sun he spys, a Ship which gives unhop'd sur' are written below the staff. The fifth staff starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'rise, new Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes with' are written below the staff. The sixth staff starts with a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics 'Joy, and waits her motion.' are written below the staff. The seventh staff starts with a treble clef and a common time signature. The eighth staff starts with a bass clef and a common time signature.



I'll hafte dull Courtship to a Close,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppose ;
Why should we happy Minutes lose,
Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,
Doating on a proud Beauty :
Such was my Case for many a Year,
Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,
False *Betty*'s Charms now disappear,
Since *Peggy*'s far outshine them.





XXX.

Auld Rob Morris.

MITHER.

THere's auld *Rob Morris* that wins in yon Glen,
 He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale
 of auld Men,
 Has fourscore of black Sheep, and fourscore too ;
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, Mither, and let that abee,
 For his Eild and my Eild can never agree :
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen !
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

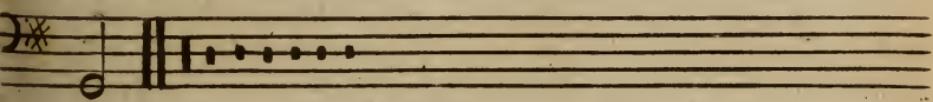
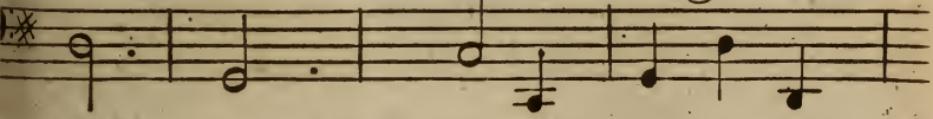
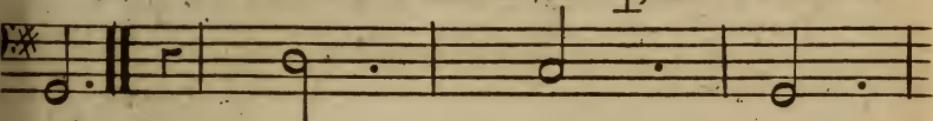
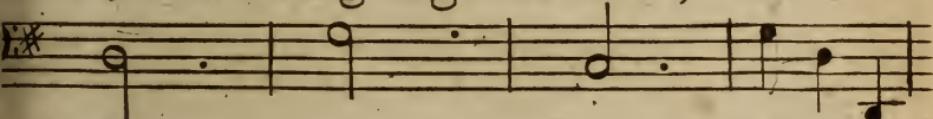
MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, Doughter, and lay by your Pride,
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride ;
 He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too,
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGH-

50
Auld ROB MORRIS

Mither





DOUGHTER.

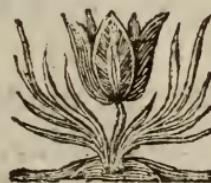
Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou weel,
 His A—— it sticks out like ony Peet-creel,
 He's out-shin'd, in-kneed and ringle-ey'd too ;
 Auld *Rob Morris* is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Tho' auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly Man,
 Yet his auld Brass it will buy a new Pan ;
 Then, Doughter, ye shoud na be sae ill to shoo,
 For auld *Rob Morris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will hae,
 His Back is sae stiff, and his Beard is grown gray ;
 I had titter die than live with him a Year ;
 Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear.





XXX.

Auld lang syne.

Should auld Acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with Scars?
 These are the noble Hero's Lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
 Welcome, my VARO, to my Breast,
 Thy Arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each Bough,
 A thousand *Cupids* play,
 Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
 Each Object makes me gay:
 Since your Return the Sun and Moon,
 With brighter Beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the Court and Din of State;
 Let that to their share fall,

Who

Auld Lang ³¹ Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, tho'

they return with scars; These are the Noble

Hero's Lot, obtain'd in Glorious wars: Wel-

come my Varo, to my Breast, thy Arms about me

twine, and make me once again as blest, as

I was lang Syne.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the music, corresponding to the melody. The title 'Auld Lang Syne' is at the top, with the number '31' written above the 'Lang'.

Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a Ball :
 But sunk in Love, upon my Arms
 Let your brave Head recline,
 We'll please ourselves with mutual Charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
 You may pursue the Chase,
 And, after a blyth Bottle, end
 All Cares in my Embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy Day,
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet Air,
 And Signs of generous Love,
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
 Bow'd to the Pow'rs above :
 Next Day, with Consent and glad Haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine ;
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
 And put them out of Pine.





XXXII.

My Apron, Deary.

TWas forth in a Morning, a Morning of *May*,
 A Soldier and his Mistress were walking
 astray;

And low down by yon Meadow Brow,
 I heard a Lass cry, my Apron now.

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother,
 Or had I ta'en Counsel of Sister or Brother;
 But I was a young thing, and easy to woo,
 And my Belly bears up my Apron now.

Thy Apron, Deary, I must confess,
 Is something the shorter, tho' naething the less;
 I never was wi' ye a Night but two,
 And yet ye cry out my Apron now.

My Apron is made of a Lineum Twine,
 Well set about wi' pearling Syne;
 I think it great Pity, my Babe shou'd tyne,
 And I'll row it in my Apron fine.

XXXIII.

My Apron ³² Dearly

Handwritten musical score for 'My Apron Dearly' featuring four staves of music and lyrics. The music is in common time (indicated by '3' over '4') and includes a basso continuo staff (indicated by '3' over '4'). The lyrics are as follows:

Twas forth in a morning, a morning of
May, A Soldier and his Mistress were walking a
stray, and low down by yon Meadow Brow, I
heard a Lass cry, My Apron now.

My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes

My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes, my Minny ca

Card and spin, and I'm a bonny young Lass, and the

filler comes linkin' in, The filler comes linkin'

in, and it is fou fair to see, and its wow wow

wow what ails the Lad's at me

tr.

tr.

tr.

XXXIII.

My Daddy's a Delver of Dykes.

MY Daddy's a Delver of Dykes,
My Minny can card and spin,
And I'm a bonny young Lass,
And the Siller comes linkin in.
The Siller comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to see,
And it's wow, wow, wow,
What ails the Lads at me?

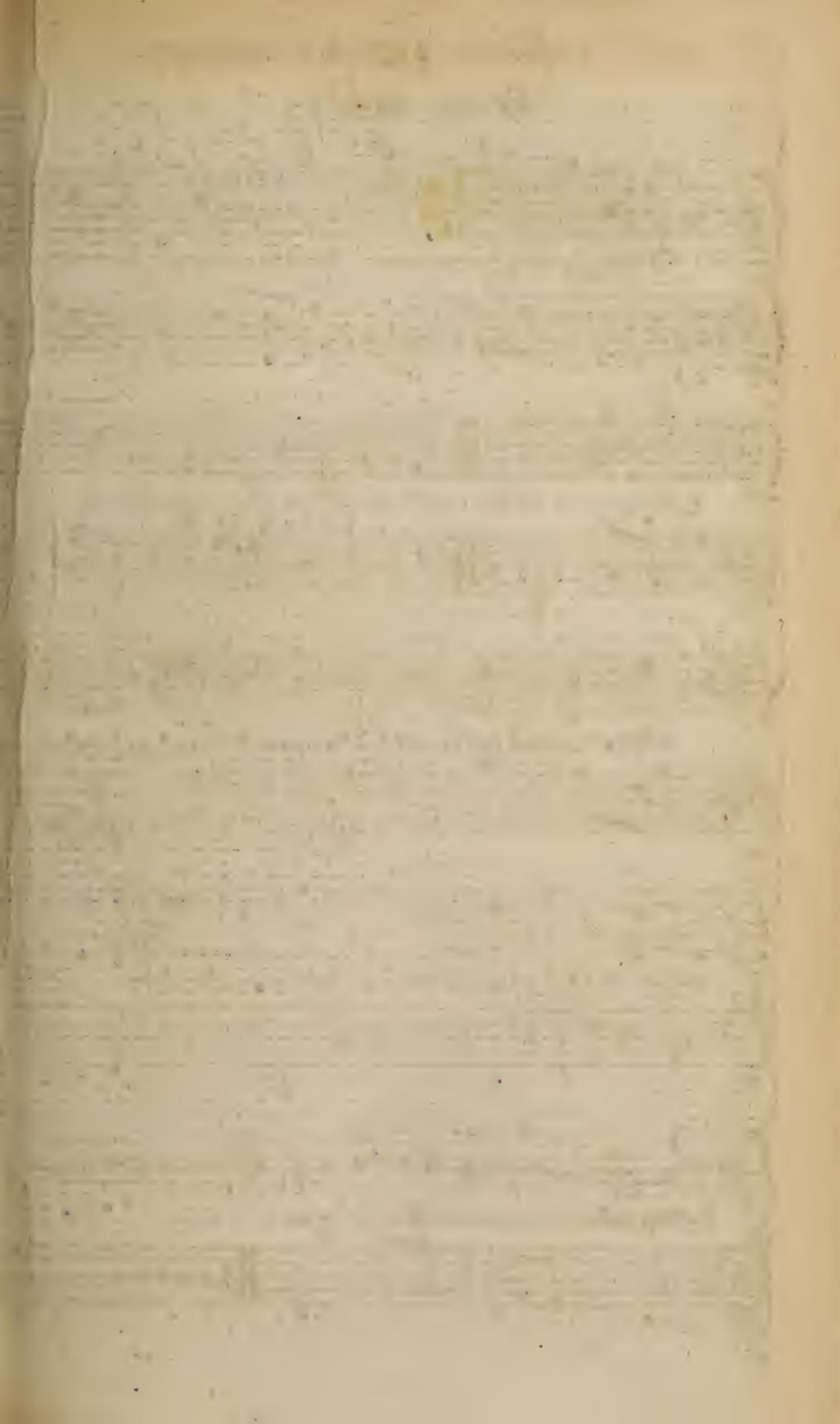
When ever our Bauty does bark,
Then fast to the Door I do rin,
To see gin ony young Spark
Will light and venture in :
But ne'er a ane comes in,
Tho' mony a ane goes by,
Sync Ben the House I rin,
And a weary Wight am I.

I had an auld Wife to my Minny,
And (wow) gin she kaupt me lang ;

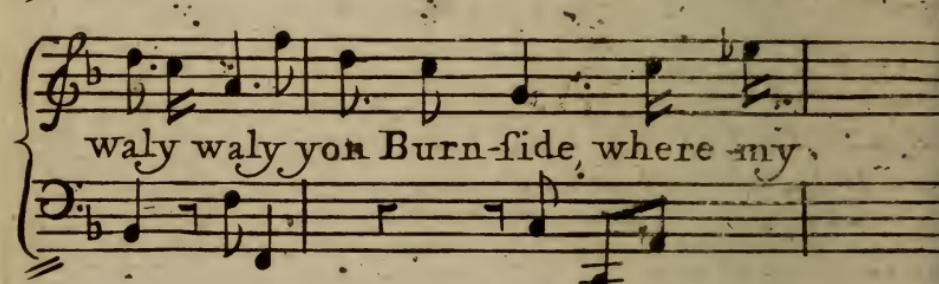
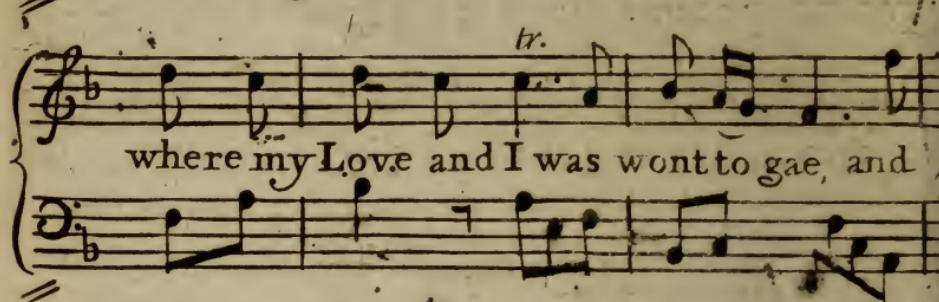
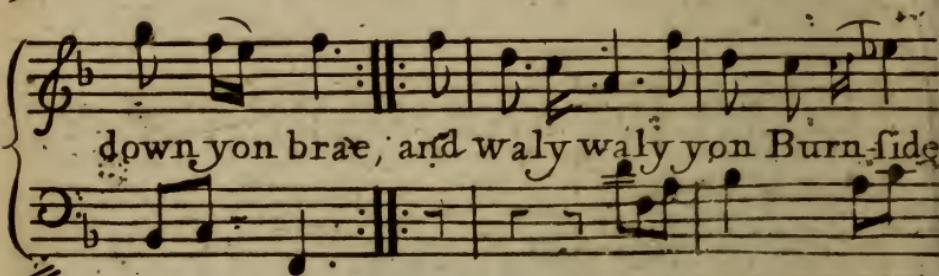
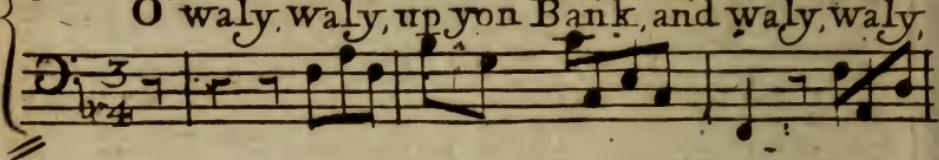
But

But now the Carlin's dead,
And I'll do what I can,
And I'll do what I can;
Wi' my twenty Pound and my Cow;
But wow it's an unco' thing,
That na body comes to woc.





Waly, Waly.





XXXIV.

Waly, Waly.

O Waly, Waly, up yon Bank,
And Waly, Waly, down yon Brea ;
And Waly by yon River's side,
Where my Love and I was wont to gae.

Waly, Waly, gin Love be bonny,
A little while when it is new ;
But when it's auld, it waxes cauld,
And wears away, like Morning Dew.

I leant my Back unto an Aik,
I thought it was a trusty Tree ;
But first it bow'd, and fine it brake,
And sae did my fause Love to me.

When Cockle-shells turn filler Bells,
And Muscles grow on ev'ry Tree ;
When Frost and Snaw shall warm us a',
Then shall my Love prove true to me.

Now

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my Bed,
 The Sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me;
 Saint *Anton's* Well shall be my Drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.

O *Martinmas* Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green Leaves off the Tree ?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
 And take a Life that wearies me.

'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency ;
 'Tis not sic Cauld that makes me cry,
 But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by *Glasgow* Town,
 We were a comely Sight to see ;
 My Love was cled in the black Velvet,
 And I my self in Cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
 That Love had been sae ill to win ;
 I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver Pin.

Oh,

Oh, oh! if my young Babe were born,
And set upon the Nurse's Knee,
And I my self were dead and gane,
For a Maid again I'll never be.





XXXV.

John Hay's *bonny Lassie*.

BY smooth winding *Tay* a Swain was reclining
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still liv
 pining
 My sell thus away, and darna discover
 To my bonny *Hay*, that I am her Lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes stranger
 If she's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer :
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, e'er we part, my Vows may content her.

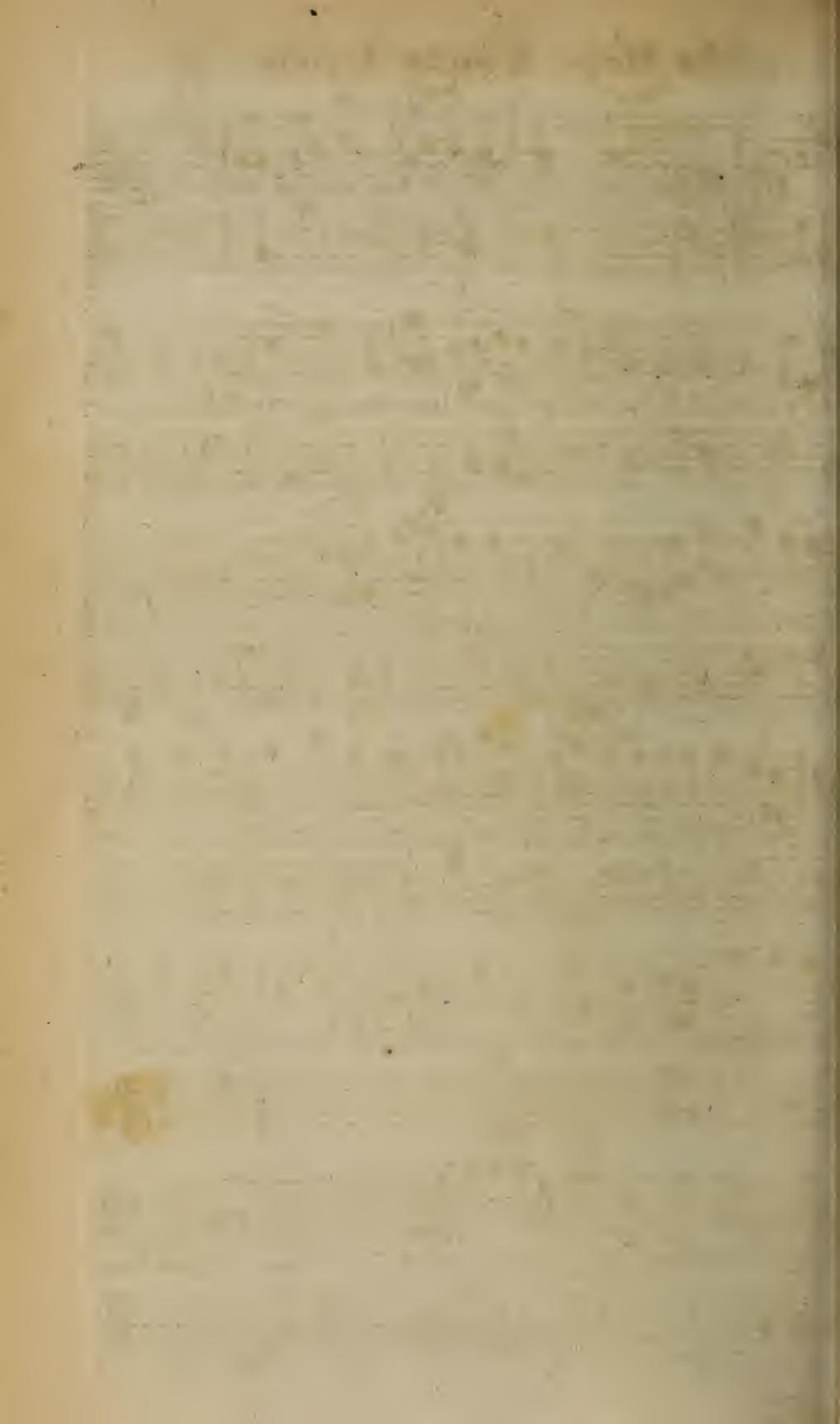
She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*
 When Birds mount and sing, bidding Day a Good
 morrow :
 The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with Daisies,
 Look wither'd and dead, when twind of her Grace.

But if she appear where Verdures invite her,
 The Fountains run clear, and Flowers smell th
 iweeter:

John Hays 35 Bonny Lassie

Handwritten musical score for 'John Hays Bonny Lassie' in common time. The score consists of six staves of music with corresponding lyrics in English and Scottish Gaelic. The lyrics are as follows:

By smooth winding Tay A swain was reclining, a
cry'd he, oh hey! maun I still live pining, my sell thus a
way, and darna discover to my bony Hay, that I am her Lover
Nae mair it will hidethe flainewax's stranger, if she's not my
Bride, my Days are nae langer, then I'll take a heart, and
try at a venture, maybe e'er we part, my vows may content her.



'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eye set my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;
Struck dumb with amaze, my Mind is confounded :
I'm all in a fire, dear Maid, to caress ye,
For a' my Desire is *Hay's bonny Lassie*.





XXXVI.

The Blythsome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
 For there will be iilting there ;
 For *Jocky's* to be married to *Maggie*,
 The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.
 And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage,
 And Bannocks of Barley-meal ;
 And there will be good sawt Herring,
 To relish a Cog of good Ale.
Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be *Saney* the Sutor,
 And *Will* wi' the meikle Mou ;
 And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,
 With *Andrew* the Tinkler, I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
 With thumbless *Katie's* good Man ;
 And there will be blue-cheeked *Dowbie*,
 And *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us, &c.

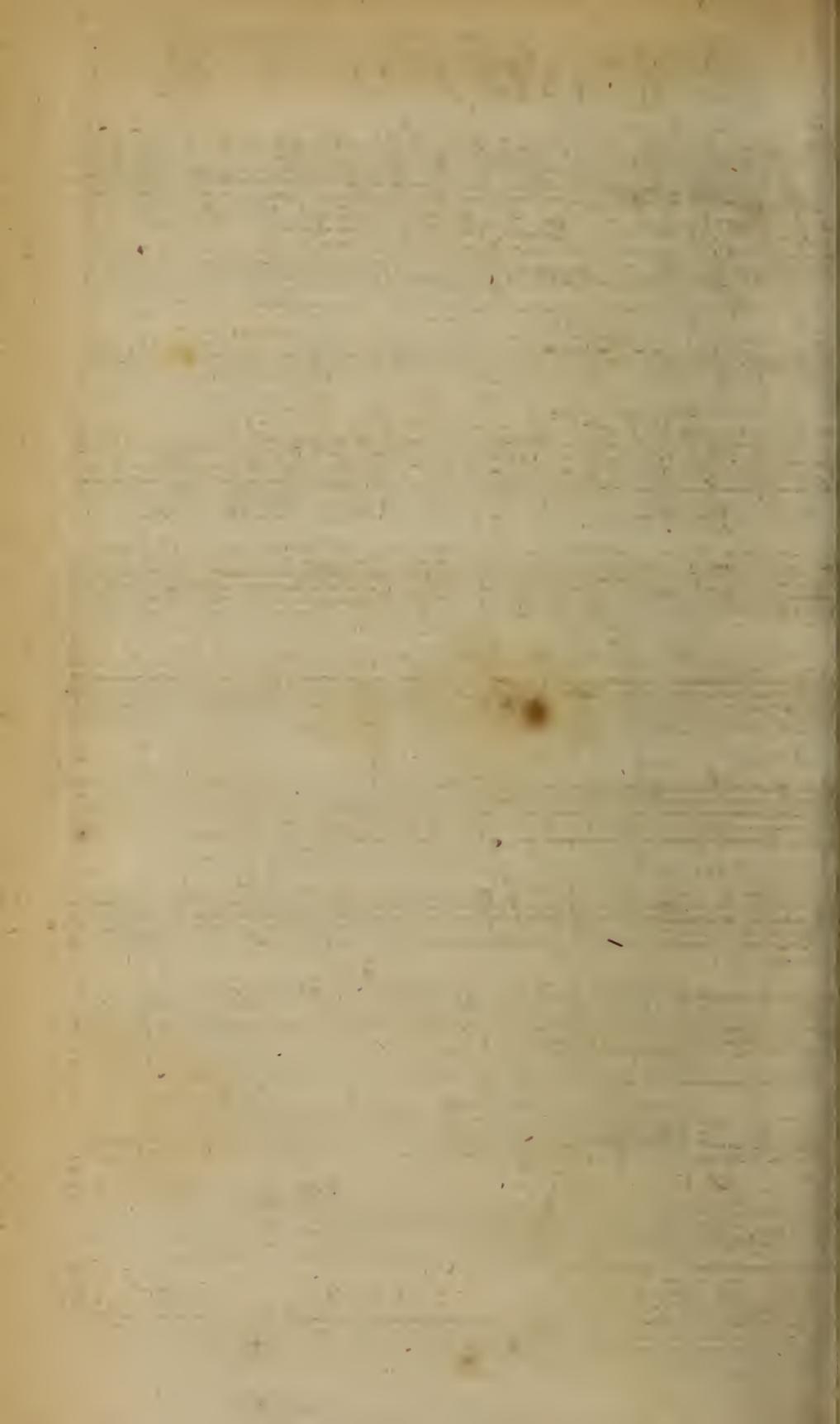
And

The Blythsome ³⁶ Bridal

Handwritten musical score for 'The Blythsome Bridal' in common time (indicated by 'C'). The score consists of six staves of music, each with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the staves.

Music and lyrics:

- Staff 1: Come fy let us a to the Bridal, for there will be
- Staff 2: Lifting there, for *Jock'll be married to Maggie*, the
- Staff 3: Lass wi' the Gowden Hair, and there will be
- Staff 4: Lang-kail and Pottage, and Bannocks of Barley
- Staff 5: Meal, and there will be good sawt Herring to relish a
- Staff 6: Cog of good Ale.



And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*,
 And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the Mill,
 Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
 That wins in the How of the Hill ;
 And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,
 Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
 The Lass that stands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
 And coft him gray Brecks to his Aric,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warse :
 And there will be gleed *Geordy Janners*,
 And *Kirsb* with the lilly-white Leg,
 Wha gade to the South for Manners,
 And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Juden M'lawrie*,
 And blinkin daft *Barbara M'leg*,
 Wi flae lugged sharny-fac'd *Lawrie*,
 And shangy mou'd halucket *Meg*.
 And there will be happen-ars'd *Nansy*,
 And fairy-fac'd *Flowerie* by Name ;
 Muck *Madie*, and fat hippit *Griss*,
 The Lass wi' the gowden Wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,
 With his glakit Wife *Jenny Bell*,
 And misle-shin'd *Mungo M'apie*,
 The Lad that was Skipper himsel'.
 There Lads and Lasses in Pearlings,
 Will feast in the Heart of the Ha',
 On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Fadges and Brachen,
 With fouth of good Gabbocks of Skate,
 Powfowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdys,
 And caller Nowt Feet in a Plate.
 And there will be Partans and Buckies,
 And Whytens and Speldings enew,
 With singed Sheep-heads, and a Haggies,
 And Scadlips to suck till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapp'd-milk Kebbucks,
 And Sowens, and Farles, and Bap's,
 With Swats, and well scraped Paunches,
 And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps :
 And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks,
 With Skink to sup till ye rive,
 And Roasts to roast on a Brander,
 Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrap

Scrap't Haddocks, Wilks, Dulse and Tangle,
And a Mill of good Snishing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The Lass wi' the gowden Hair.





XXXVII.

The Toast.

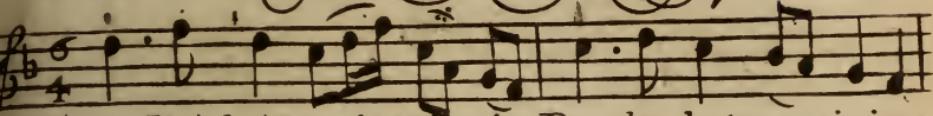
COME let's ha'e mair Wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free.
 Away with dull, here t'ye, Sir;
 Ye're Mistress, *Robie*, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her Health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
 That's a Lass can charm ye,
 And to Joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some Angel ye wad ca'her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the Knee.

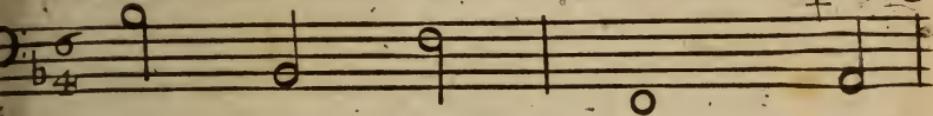
Pegg

37
THE TOAST.

To the Tune of *Saw ye my Peggy*



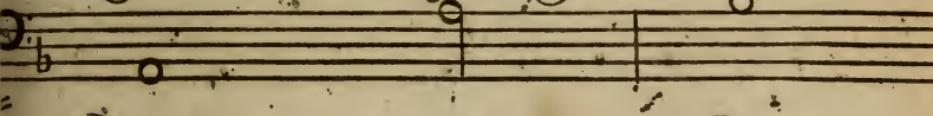
Come let's ha'e mair wine in, *Bacchus hates repining*



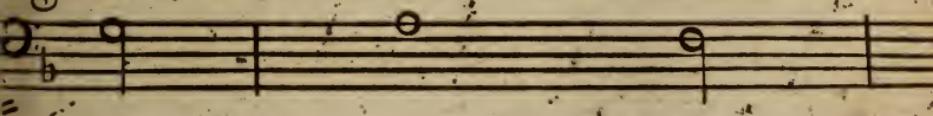
Venus Loos nae dwining, Let's be blith and free



Away with dull, *Here tye, Sir, ye're Mifstref's, Robie,*

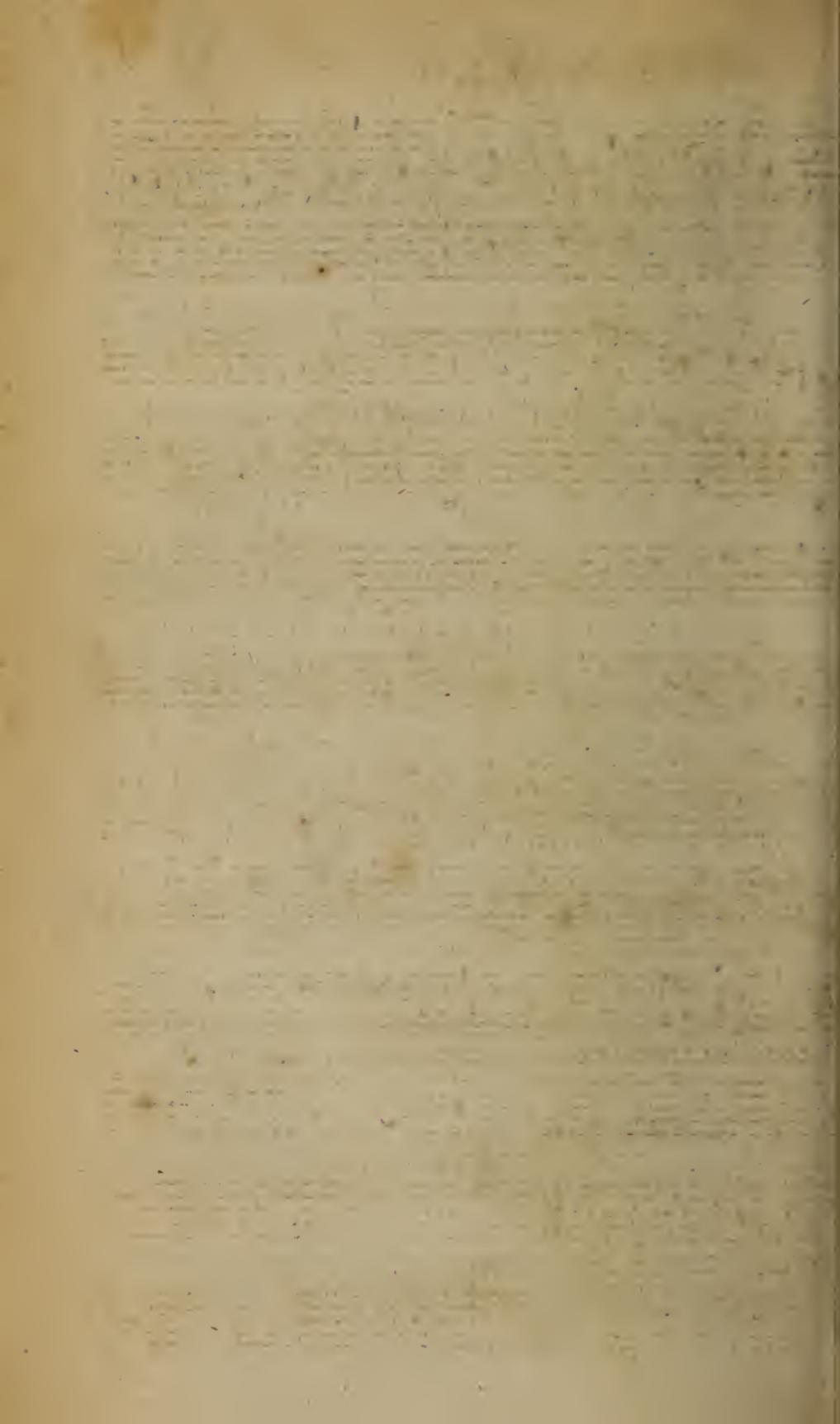


gies her, we'll drink her health wi' Pleasure,



wha's belov'd by thee :





Peggy a dainty Lass is,
Come let's join our Glasses,
And refresh our Hauses
With a Health to thee.
Let Coofs their Cash be clinking,
Be Statesmen tint in thinking,
While we with Love and Drinking,
Give our Cares the Lie.





XXXVIII.

My Nanny-O.

WHILE some for Pleasure pawn their Health
 'Twixt *Laïs* and the *Bagnio*,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Kiss and caress my *Nanny-O*.
 She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*
 Than *Leda* did for *Danae-O*:
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but *Nanny-O*.

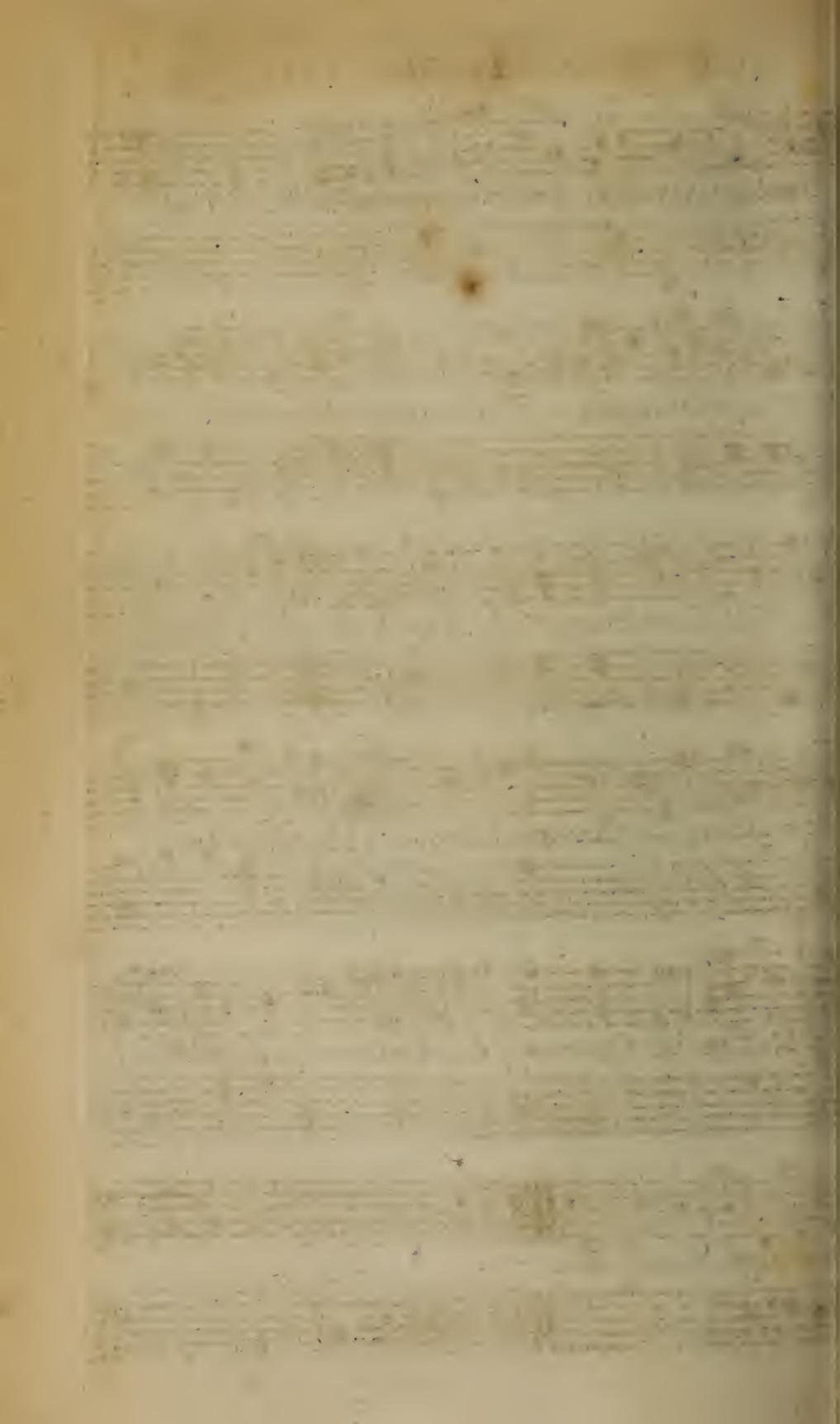
How joyfully my Spirits rise,
 When Dancing she moves finely--O,
 I guess what Heaven is by her Eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely--O.
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest *Britannia*,
 None's Happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny-O*.

CHORUS

My NANNY-o

38

While some for Pleasure pawn their health Twixt
Lais and the *Bagni*-o, I'll save my self and without
stealth, Kiss and caress my *Nanny*-o. She bids more
fair t'engage a Love than *Leda* did for *Danae*-o. were
I to paint the Queen of Love, none else should
sit but *Nanny*-o.



CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny--O,
My lovely charming Nanny--O ;
I care not tho' the World know
How dearly I love Nanny--O.*



XXXIX.

Maggie's Tocher.

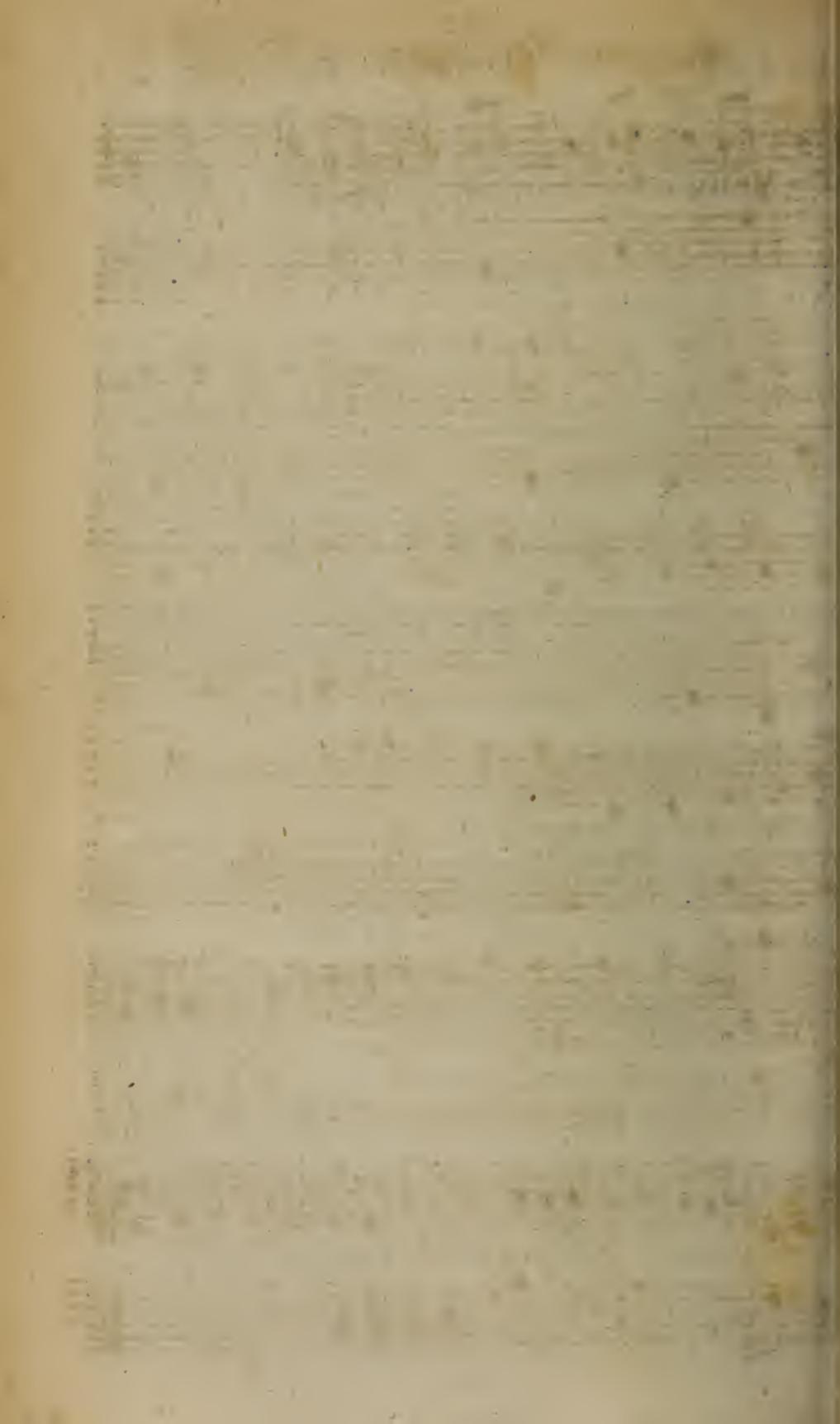
THE Meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;
 And *Maggie* was in her Prime,
 When *Willie* made Courtship till her:
 Twa Pistals charged beguess,
 To gie the courting Shot;
 And syne came ben the Lass,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the Butt.
 He first speer'd at the Guidman,
 And syne at *Giles* the Mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit Land,
 Wee'd buckle us c'en the gither.

My Daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
 But I'll part wi' my Wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my Land.
 Your Tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The Lass bound in her Snood,
 And *Crummie* who kens her stake:

Wi.

Maggie's ³⁹ Tocher

The Meal was dear short syne, we buckl'd us a' the
gither, and Maggie was in her Prime, when Willie made
courtship till her twa Pistals charg'd beguefs to gie the
urting hot, and syne came ben the Lafs wi' swats drawn,
aey Butt, he first speerd at^e Guidman, and syne at^e Giles^e
gither, an yewad gi's a bitt land, we'd buckle us e'en^e gither. Jo.



With an auld bedden o' claihths,
Was left me by my Mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, Guidman,
But ye maun mend your Hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll not quat your Land :
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither ;
A House is Butt and Benn,
And *Crummie* will want her Fother.
The Bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their Mither !
We have nouther Pot nor Pan,
But four bare Legs the gither.

Your Tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
Twa good stilts to the Pleugh,
And ye your sell maun steer :
Ye shall hae twa good Pocks
That anes were o' the Tweel,
The t'ane to had the Grots,
The ither to had the Meal :
With ane auld kist made of Wands,
And that fall be your Coffer,

Wi' aiken woody-bands,
 And that may had your Tocher.

Consider well, Guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd Gear,
 The Horse that I ride on
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* Mare:
 The Saddle's nane of my ain,
 An thae's but borrowed Boots,
 And when that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my Coots :
 The Cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,
 That gars me look sae crouse ;
 Come fill us a Cogue of Swats,
 We'll make nae mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young Lad,
 For telling me sae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' Gear that was my ain.
 But sin that things are sae,
 The Bride she maun come furth,
 Tho' a' the Gear she'll ha'e,
 It'll be but little worth.
 A Bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither :
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the Hissic come hither.

The Bride she gade till her Bed,
The Bridegroom he came till her ;
The Fidler crap in at the Fit,
An they cudl'd it a' the gither.





XL.

Were na' my Hearts light I wad die.

THERE was an a May and she lo'ed na Men,
She bigged her bonny Bow'r down in yon
Glen;

But now she cries dale and a-well-a-day,
Come doun the green Gate, and come herec away.

When bonny young *Johnny* came over the Sea,
He said he saw nathing so bonny as me,
He haught me baith Rings and mony bra things,
And were na' my Hearts light I wad die.

He had a wee Titty that lo'ed na' me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sick a Pother twixt him and his Mother,
That were na' my Hearts light I wad die.

The Day it was set, and the Bridal to be,
The Wife took a Dwalm and lay down to die,
She main'd and she grain'd out of Dollor and Pain,
Till he vow'd that he ne'er wou'd see me again.

His

Were na my hearts light I wad Die

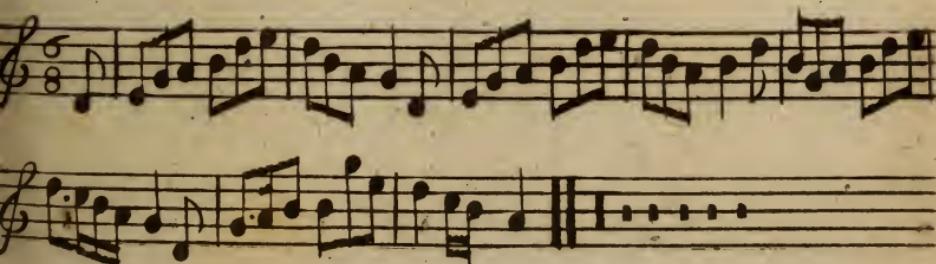
There was an a *May* and she Lo'ed na men, she

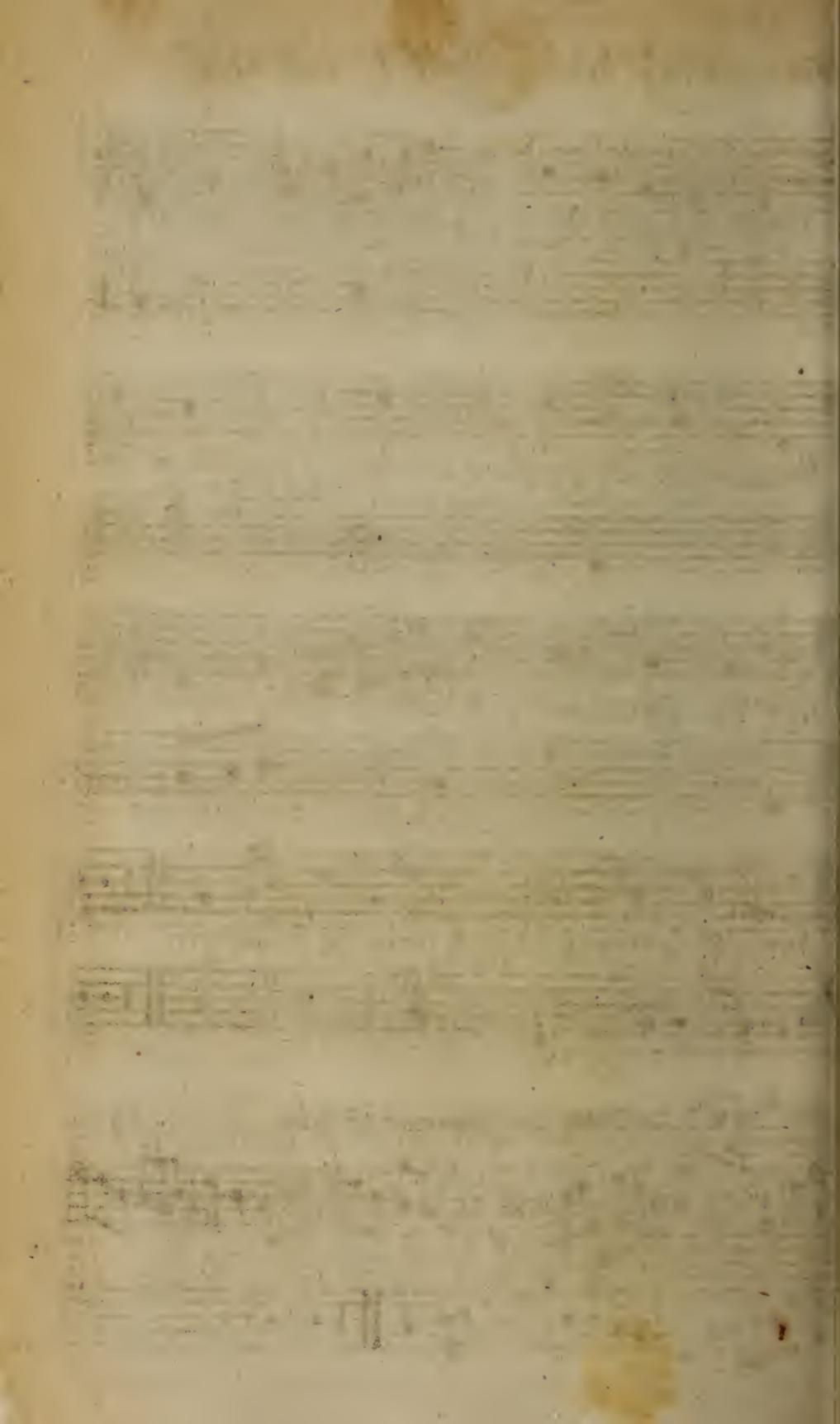
Bigged her bonny Bow'r down in yon Glen, but

now she cryes dool and a well a day, come

down the green gate and come here away.

For the German Flute





His Kin was for ane of a higher Degree,
Said, what had he do with the Likes of me?
Appose I was bonny, I was na for *Johnny* :
And were na my Hearts light I wad die.

They said, I had neither Cow, nor Calf,
Nor Drops of Drink runs through the Drawf;
Nor Pickles of Meal runs through the Mill-Eye :
And were na my Hearts light I wad die.

The Maiden she was baith wylie and flye,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the Lee ;
And then she ran in, and made sick a Din :
Believe your ain Een, and ye trow na me.

His Bonnet stood ay fu' round on his Brow,
His auld ane lookt ay as well as his new ;
But now he lets't gang ony Gate it will hing,
And casts himself down on the Corn-Bing.

And now he gaes drooping about the Dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the Tykes ;
The live-lang Night he ne'er bows his Eye :
And were na my Heart's light I wad die.

But young for thee as I ha' been,
We shou'd ha' been galloping down in yon Green
And linking out o'er yon lilly white Lee;
And wow gin I were young for thee.



rap-ture trembling through my Eyes, re-

-veals how much I Love her, the tender Glance^e.

Redning cheek, o'er spread with rising blur-

-shes, a thousand various ways they speak, a

thousand various wish-es.

Slow

Galla Shiels

41.

Ah the poor Shepherds mournfull Fate, when

doom'd to Love, and doom'd to languish, to

bear the scornfull Fair one's hate; Nor dare dif-

close his Anguish. Yet ea- ger Looks and

Dying sighs, My secrete Soul discover, while



XLI.

Gallowshiel.

AH the poor Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to lan-
guish,

To bear the scornful Fair-One's Hate,
Nor dare disclose his Anguish.

Ye eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
My secret Soul discover,

While Rapture trembling through mine Eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

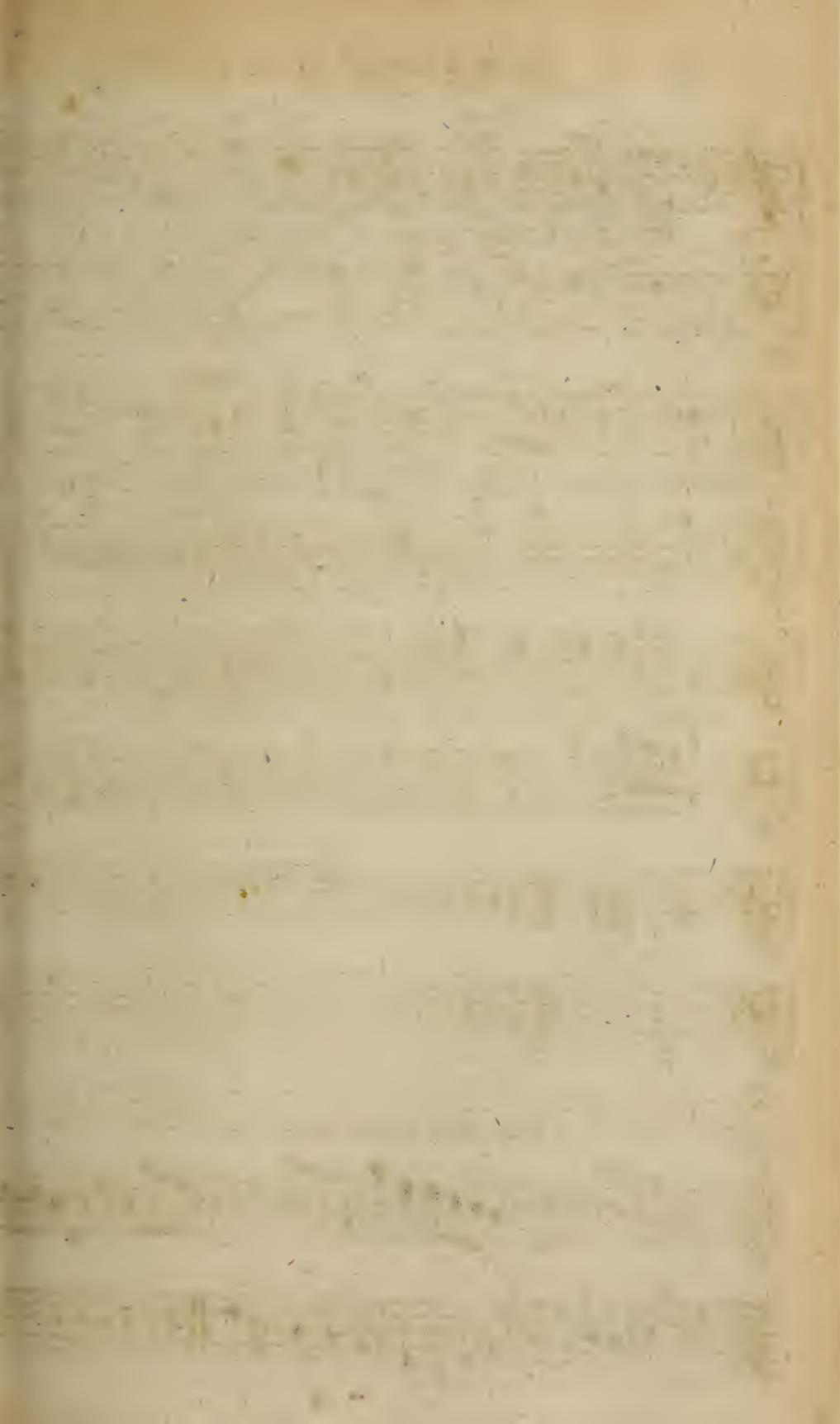
The tender Glance, the red'ning Check,
O'erspread with rising Blushes,

A thousand various Ways they speak,
A thousand various Wishes.

For oh! that Form so heavenly fair,
Those gentle Eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless Blush, and modest Air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every Look, and every Grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee ;
'Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace,
Still will my Hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious Hours are past,
Be this last Blessing given,
Low at thy Feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of Heaven.





There's my ⁴ Thumb

Betty Early gone a Maying, met her
sweetheart Willie straying, designe or chance in
matter whither, but thus we know he reason
with her.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in G major (indicated by a G with a sharp sign) and common time (indicated by a 'C'). The bottom staff is in G major (indicated by a G with a sharp sign) and common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music is written in a simple, folk-style notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.

For the German Flute

The musical score consists of two staves of music for the German Flute. The top staff is in G major (indicated by a G with a sharp sign) and common time (indicated by a 'C'). The bottom staff is in G major (indicated by a G with a sharp sign) and common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music is written in a simple, folk-style notation with eighth and sixteenth notes.

XLII.

There's my Thumb.

Betty, early gone a Maying,
Met her Sweetheart *Willie* straying,
Design, or Chance, no matter whether,
But this we know, he reason'd with her.

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing,
See how ev'ry Bush discovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers :

Or in singing, or in loving,
Every Moment still improving ;
Love and Nature wisely leads 'em,
Love and Nature ne'er misguides 'em.

See, the opening, blushing Roses,
All their secret Charms discloses ;
Sweet's the Time, ah ! short's the Measure
Of their fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

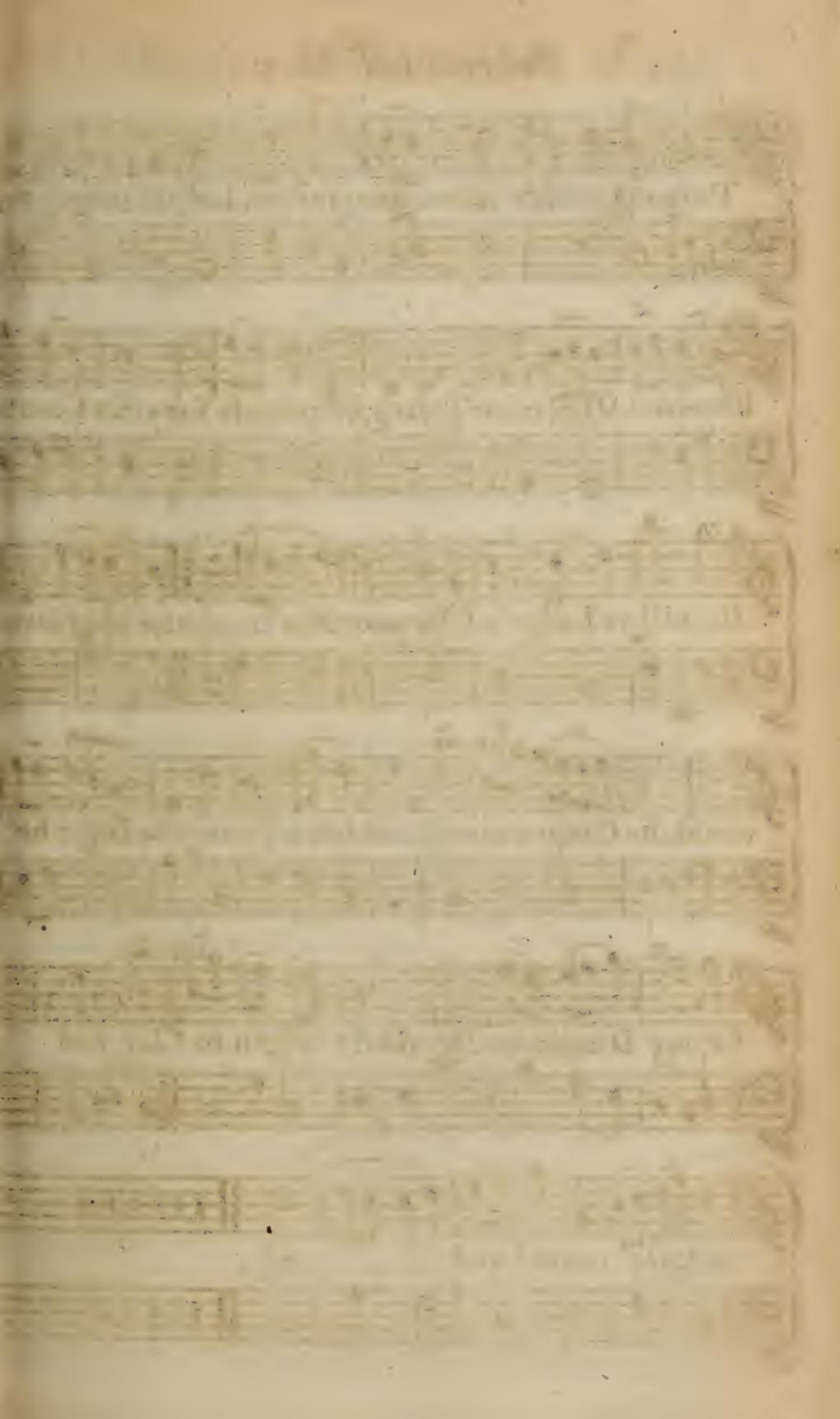
Quickly

Quickly we must snatch the Blisses,
Of their soft and fragrant Kisses,
To-day they bloom, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in sorrow.

Time, my *Bess*, will leave no Traces
Of those Beauties, of those Graces ;
Youth and Love forbid our staying,
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid, nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me :
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile ye.





The Gaberlunzie ⁴³ Man

The pauky auld Carle came o'er the Lee, wi' many goo

E'ens and Days to me, saying Good wife for your Court

... sie, will ye Lodge a lilly poor Ma - n: the Night was

cauld, the Carle was wät, and down a yont the Ingle he

sat, my Daughters shoulders he'gan to Clap, and

cadgily ranted and fa - - ng.



XLIII.

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

THE pawky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,
Wi' many good E'ens and Days to me,
Saying, Good-wife, for your Courtisic,
Will ye lodge a silly poor Man ?
The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,
And down ayont the Ingle he sat ;
My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be !

And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir flee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And

And O ! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
 As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,

And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.

And O ! quo' she, ann I were as white,
 As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,

And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot ;
 They raise a wee before the Cock,
 And wylily they shot the Lock,

And fast to the Bent are they gane.

Up in the Morn the auld Wife raise,
 And at her Leisure pat on her Claise ;
 Syne to the Servant's Bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
 The Strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay,

For some of our Gear will be gane.

Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,

I have lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
 The Kirns to Kirn, and Milk to Earn,
 Gae butt the House, Lass, and waken my Bairn,

And bid her come quickly ben.

The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
 The Sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her good Wife can say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-Man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these Traitors again ;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,

The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-Man.

Some rade upo' Horse, some ran a fit,
 The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit.
 She cou'd na' gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,

But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
 Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,

Cut frae a new Cheese a whang :

The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his aith ;
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-Man.

O ken'd my Minny I were wi' you,
 I'll fardly wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,

After the Gaberlunzie-Man.

My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na' learn'd the Beggars Tongue,
 To follow me frae Town to Town,

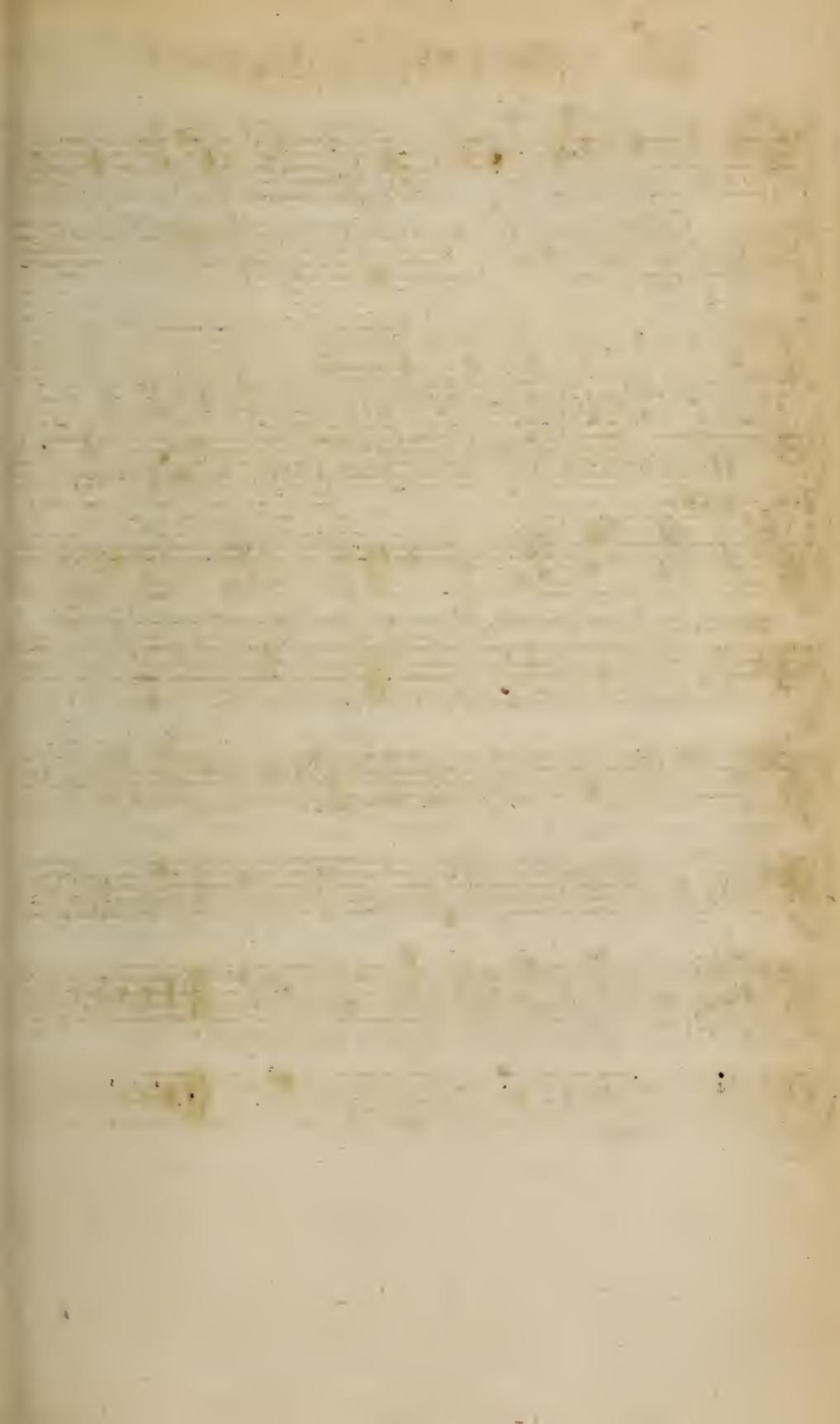
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your Bread,
 And Spindles and Whorles for them wha' need,
 Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzie-O.

I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
 And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
 A Cripple or Blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry, and sing.





The Colliers Bonny Lassie ⁴⁴

The Collier has a Daughter, and O she's wonder
bonny, A Laird he was that sought her, Rich
baith in Lands and Money. The Tutors watch'd the
motion of this young honest Lover, but love is like y
O cean, wha can its depth discover.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The first staff uses a treble clef, the second a bass clef, and the third a tenor clef. The fourth and fifth staves use a bass clef. The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, with rests and bar lines. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand, corresponding to the musical phrases.



XLIV.

The Collier's bonny Lassie.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny,
 A Laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in Lands and Money :
 The Tutors watch'd the Motion,
 Of this young honest Lover ;
 But Love is like the Ocean ;
 Wha can its Depth discover !

He had the Art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His Airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The Collier's bonny Lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown Lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expression
 The Charms that were about her ;
 And panted for Possession,
 His Life was dull without her.
 After mature Resolving,
 Close to his Breast he held her ;
 In saftest Flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
 Let nathing discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty Tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have Gear in plenty,
 And Love says, 'tis my Duty
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,
 Upon your Wit and Beauty.



The Bob of ⁴⁵Dumblane

Come Lassie, lend me your braw Hemp.

Heckle, and I'll lend you my Thripling

Kame, for Fainess, Deary, I'll gar ye keekle, gin

ye'll gae dance the Bob of Dumblane.

XLV.

The Bob of Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp Heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling Kame;
For fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Haste ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Busk ye braw and dinna think shame;
Consider in time, if leading of Monkies
Be better than Dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.

The Dinner, the Piper and Priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

XLVI.



XLVI.

The Carle came o'er the Croft.

THE Carle he came o'er the Croft,
 And his Beard new shav'n,
 He glowr'd at me's gin he'd been daft,
 The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa' I wanna ha'e him,
Na forsooth I'll no ha'e him,
New Hose and his new Shoon,
And his Beard new shav'n.

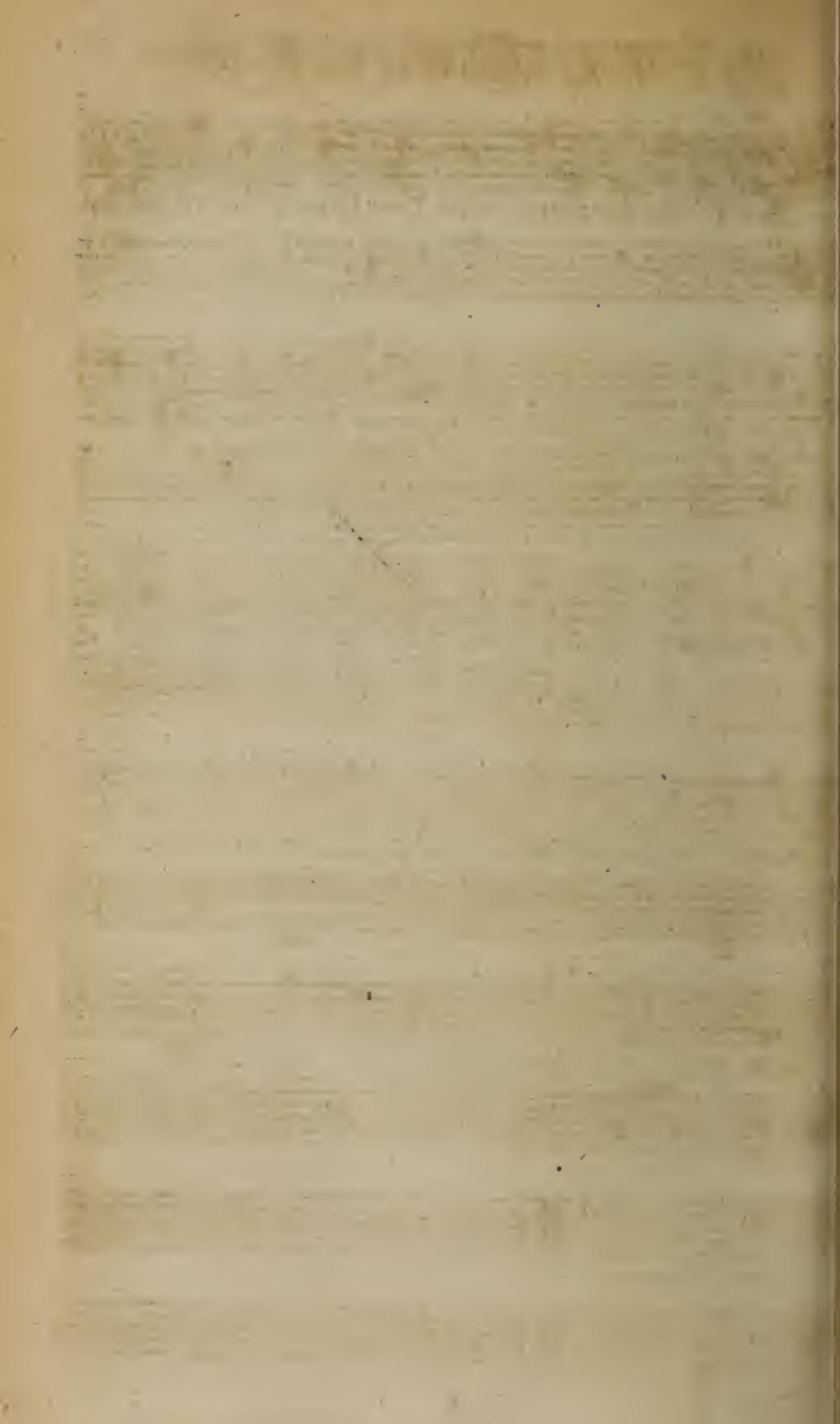
He ga'e to me a Pair of Shoon,
 And his Beard new shav'n,
 He bad me dance till they ware done,
 The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa, &c.

He ga'e to me a Pair of Gloves,
 And his Beard new shav'n,
 He bad me stretch them on my Loofs,
 The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.
Howt awa, &c.

The Carle he came O'er the Croft

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time (indicated by 'C') and a key signature of one flat (indicated by 'b'). The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The lyrics are:

The Carle he came o'er the Croft, and his Beard
new Shaven, glowr'd at me as he'd been daft, the
Carle trows that I'll hae him. Howt awa I
winna hae him, na for sooth I'll no hae him
New hose and new Shoon, and his Beard
new Shaven.



He ga'e to me an Ell of Lace,
 And his Beard new shav'n,
 He bad me wear the Highland Dress,
 The Carle trows that I'll ha'e him.

Howt awa, &c.

He ga'e to me a Harn Sark,
 And his Beard new shav'n;
 He said he'd kiss me in the dark,
 For that he trows that I'll ha'e him.

*Howt awa' I maun ha'e him,
 I forsooth I'll e'en ha'e him,
 New Hose and his new Shoon,
 And his Beard new shav'n.*





XLVII.

O'er Boggie.

I Will awa' with my Love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said,
 I will awa' wi' her.

I'll o'er Boggie, o'er Scroggie,
O'er Boggie wi' her,
Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said,
I will away wi' her.

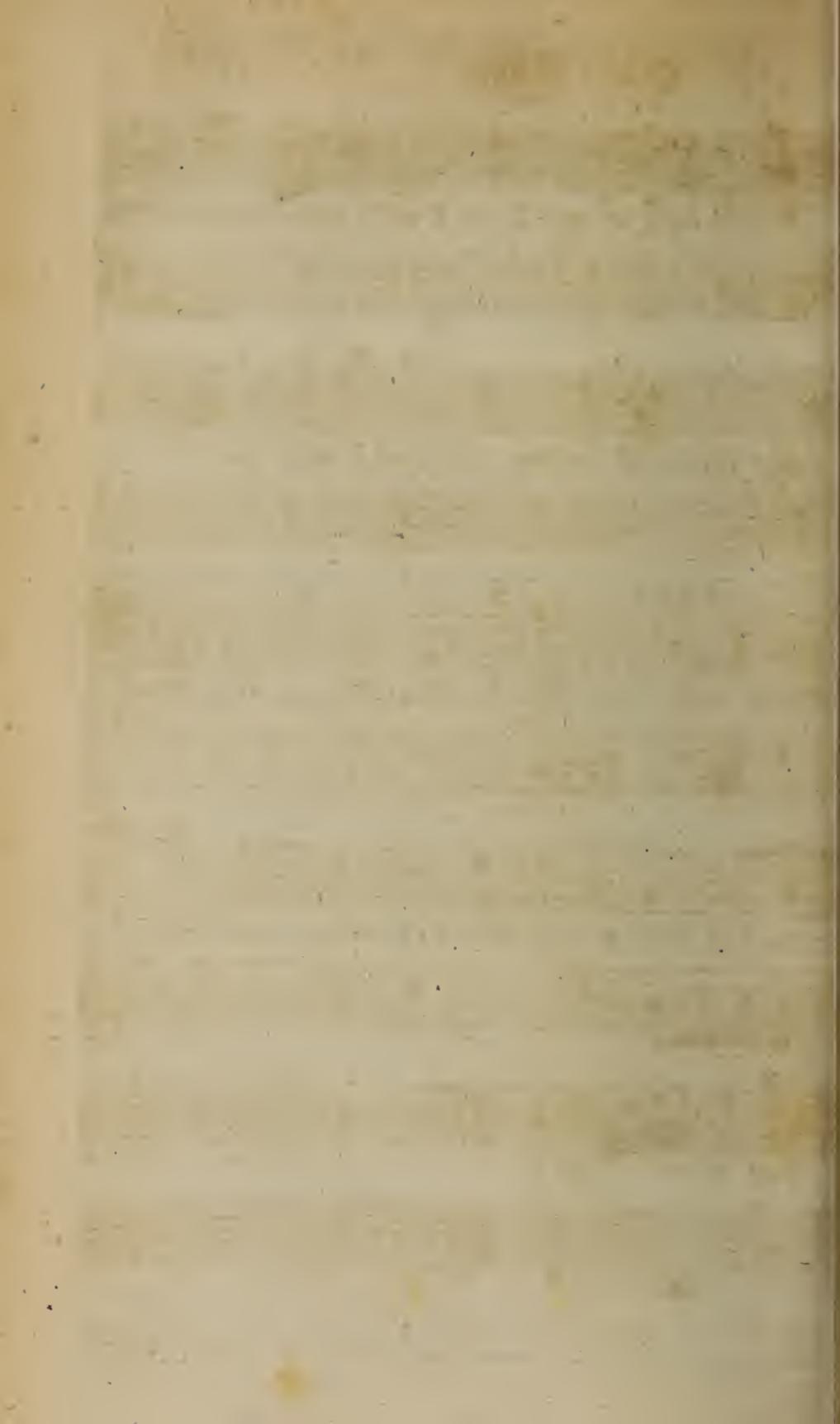
If I can get but her Consent,
 I dinna care a Strae,
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

For now she's Mistress of my Heart,
 And wordy of my Hand,
 And well I wat we shanna' part,
 For Siller or for Land.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

O'er Boggie

I will awa wi' my Love, I will awa wi' her, tho'
a my Kin had sworn and faid, I will awa

Chorus
wi' her I'll O'er Boggie, O'er Scrogie, O'er Boggie,
wi' her, Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said, I
will awa wi' her



Let Rakes delyte to swear and drink,
And Beaus admire fine Lace,
But my chief Pleasure is to blink,
On *Betty's* bonny Face.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

There a' the Beauties do combine,
Of Colour, Treats, and Air ;
The Saul that sparkles in her Een,
Makes her a Jewel rare.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

Her flowing Wit gives shining Life
To a' her other Charms ;
How blest I'll be when she's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
While o'er her Sweets I range ;
I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,
Shamefa' them that wa'd change.
I'll o'er Boggie, &c.

A Kiss of *Betty*, and a Smile,
Abeet ye wad lay down,
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain's Isle*,
And offer me ye'r Crown.

I'll o'er Boggie, o'er Scroggie,
O'er Boggie wi' her;
Tho' a' my Kin had sworn, and said,
I will awa' wi' her.





The Lass of Livingston

48

Pain'd with her flighting Jamie's Love, Bell

dropt a Tear, Bell dropt a Tear, the Gods descended

from above, well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear,

They heard the praises of the Youth, from her own

Tongue, from her own Tongue who now converted

was to truth, and thus she sung, and thus she sung.



XLVIII.

The Lass of Livingston.

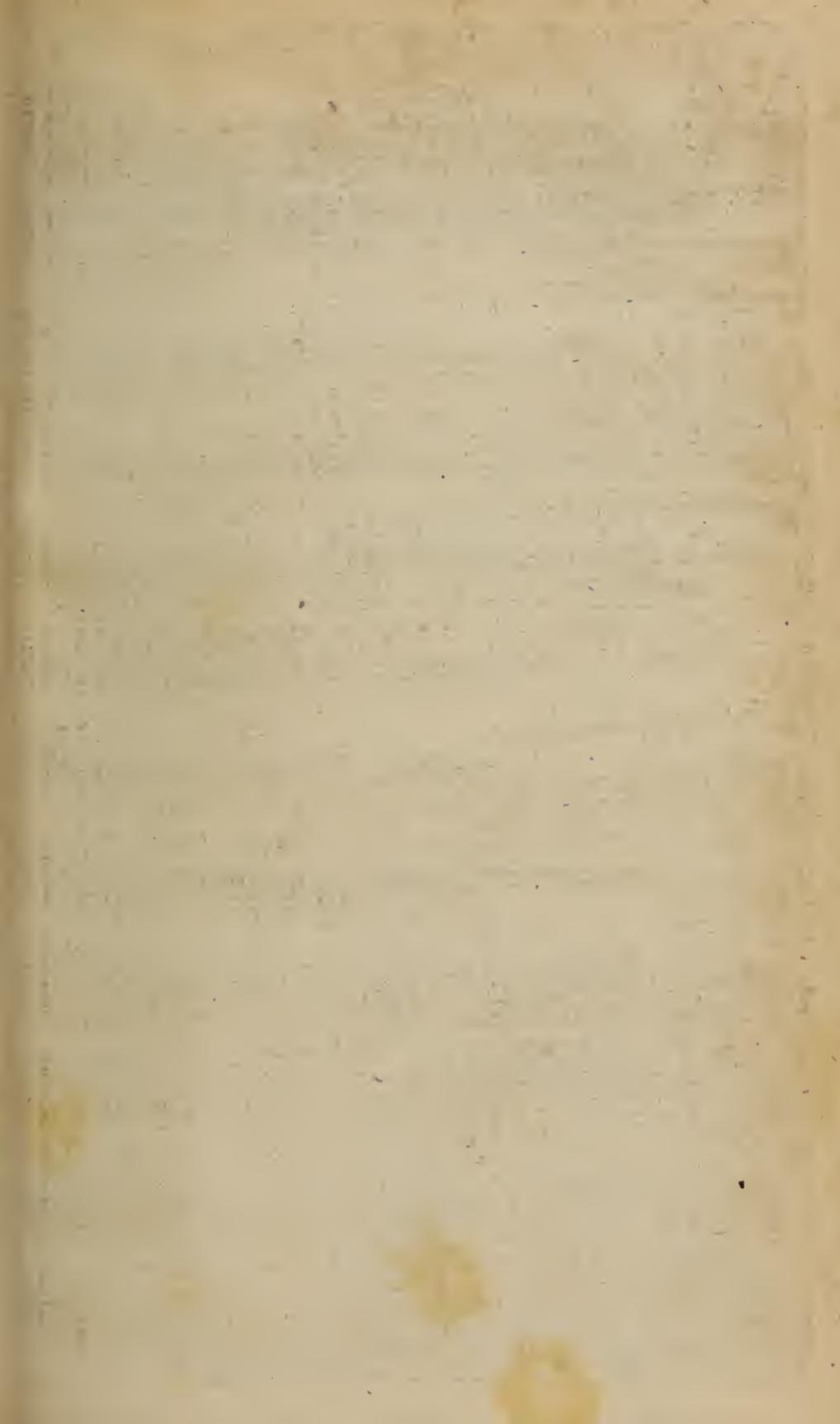
PAin'd with her slighting *Jamie's Love*,
 Bell dropt a Tear,—Bell dropt a Tear;
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear,—well pleas'd to hear:
 They heard the Praises of the Youth
 From her own Tongue—from her own Tongue;
 Who now converted was to Truth,
 And thus she sung,—and thus she sung.

Blest Days! when our ingenious Sex,
 More frank and kind,—more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
 But spoke their mind,—but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return,—wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
 Or cause him mourn,—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving Swain,
 Yet still thought shame,—yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding Heart did gain,
 To own my Flame,—to own my Flame?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy,—and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now alas lament
 My slighted Joy,—my slighted Joy,

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
 Own your Desire,—own your Desire;
 While Love's young Power with his soft Wing
 Fans up the Fire,—fans up the Fire.
 O do not, with a silly Pride,
 Or low Design,—or low Design,
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,
 But answer plain,—but answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
 With flowing Eyes,—with flowing Eyes;
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
 With sweet Surprize,—with sweet Surprize.
 Some God had led him to the Grove,
 His Mind unchang'd,—his Mind unchang'd;
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
 I am reveng'd,—I am reveng'd.



49
*William and Margaret**Slow*

'Twas at the silent Midnight Hour, when
all were fast asleep; In Glided Marg'ret's
grimly Ghost, and stood at *William's* Feet.
Her Face was like an *April* Morn, clad
in a wintry Cloud; and Clay-cold was her
Lilly hand, that held her Sable Shroud.

XLIX.

William and Margaret.

TA
WAS at the silent Midnight-Hour,
When all were fast asleep;
In glided *Margaret's* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like an *April* Morn,
Clad in a wintry Cloud:
And clay-cold was her lilly Hand,
That held her sable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown:
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flower,
That sips the silver Dew:
The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
Just opening to the View.

But

But Love had, like the Canker-Worm,
 Consum'd her early Prime :
 The Rose grew pale, and left her Check,
 She dy'd before her Time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true Love calls,
 Come from her midnight Grave :
 Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
 Thy Love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
 When injur'd Ghosts complain ;
 When yawning Graves give up their Dead,
 To haunt the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
 Thy Pledge, and broken Oath :
 And give me back my maiden Vow,
 And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promise Love to me,
 And not that Promise keep ?
 Why did you swear my Eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those Eyes to weep ?

How could you say my Face was fair,
 And yet that Face forsake ?
 How could you win my virgin Heart,
 Yet leave that Heart to break ?

Why did you say my Lip was sweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, witless Maid,
Believe the flattering Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
Those Lips no longer red:
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;
This Winding-Sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our Night,
'Till that last Morn appear.

But hark!—the Cock has warn'd me hence:
A long and last Adieu!
Come, see, false Man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

The Lark sung loud, the Morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glistering Head:
Pale *William* quak'd in every Limb,
And raving left his Bed.

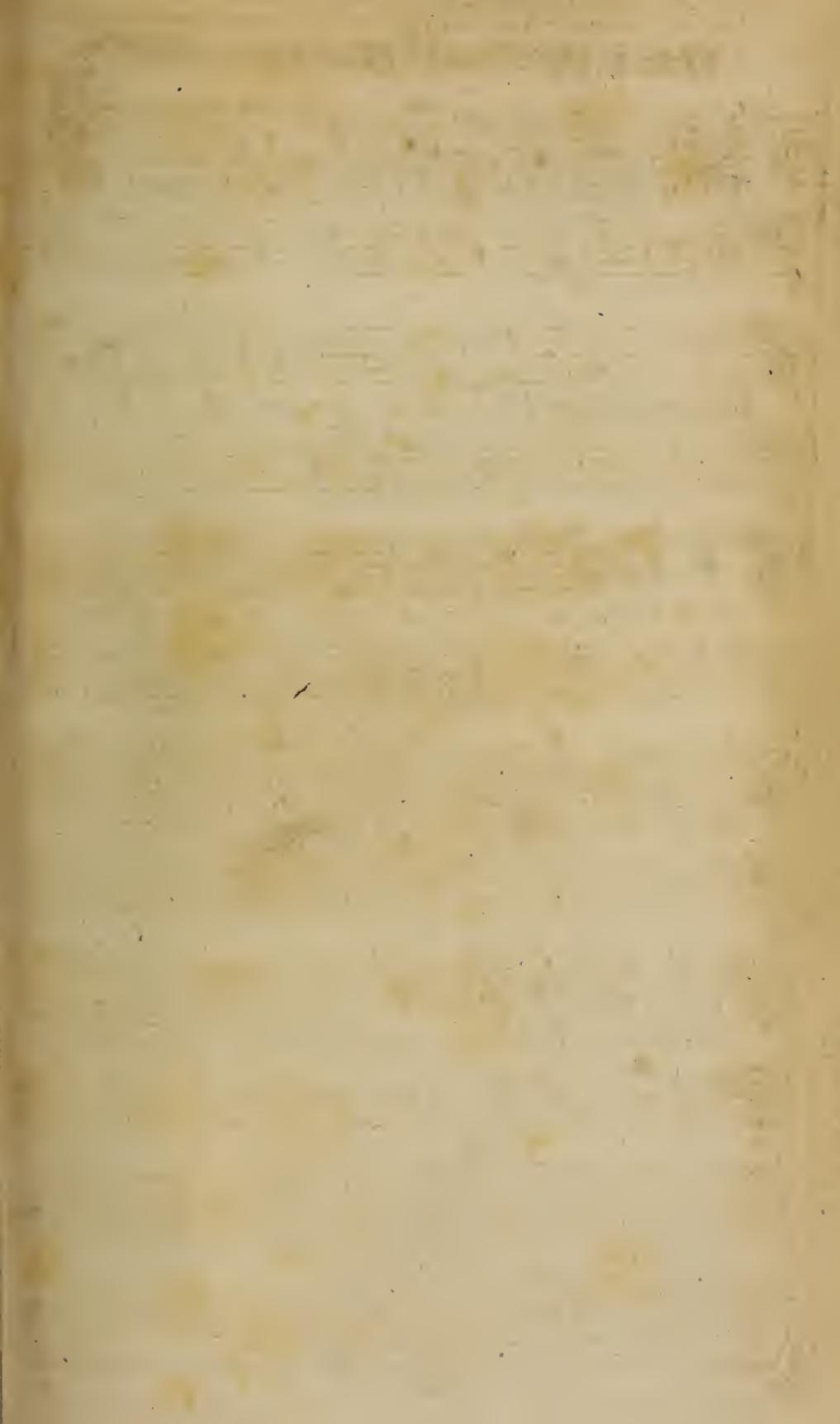
He hy'd him to the fatal Place
Where *Margaret's* Body lay,
And stretch'd him on the grass-green Turf,
That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's Name*,
And thrice he wept full sore,
Then laid his Cheek to her cold Grave,
And Word spoke never more.



L.



Down the Burn⁵⁰ DAVIE

Handwritten musical score for 'Down the Burn Davie' featuring lyrics in English. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The score includes dynamic markings like 'tr.' (trill) and 'Gang' (a misspelling of 'Gang'). The lyrics are as follows:

When Trees did būd and Fields were green, and
Broom bloom'd fair to see; when *Mary* was cōm
plete Fifteen, and Love laugh'd in her Eye;
Blith *Davy's* Blinks her heart did move, to
speak her mind thus free. *Gang* down the Burn,
Davie Love, and I shall follow thee.



L.

Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
And Broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When *Mary* was compleat Fifteen,
And Love laugh'd in her Eye ;
Blyth *Davie's* Blinks her Heart did move,
To speak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn, Davie, Love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each Lad surpass,
That dwelt on this Burn-side,
And *Mary* was the bonniest Lass,
Just meet to be a Bride ;
Her Cheeks were rosy, red and white,
Her Een were bonny blue ;
Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their way,
What tender Tales they said !
His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her Bosom play'd ;

Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder Vale they lean'd them down ;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,
And naithing sure unmeet ;
For ganging hame, I heard him say,
They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet ;
And that they often shou'd return,
Sic Pleasure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,
And ay shall follow you.



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